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COMMENT OF THE DAY

The Airmen

MR Hammarskjold has returned to New York following his statements yesterday at a New York Press Conference. It is reasonable to say that good progress has been made in his talks with the Chinese Premier, Mr Chou En-lai, and that there now appears to be every hope that the American airmen imprisoned in China will be released and returned to their homeland. The price that America will have to pay for their release, however, is not yet known but it may involve an informal exchange under which Chinese students resident in America may be allowed to return home if they desire. It is fair to say that in his talks with Mr Hammarskjold, Mr Chou is possibly bargaining for higher stakes—China's admission into the United Nations. He would be well advised, however, not to raise this particular issue in the current negotiations. Some Americans are inclined to be sensitive about any suggestion of what they describe as "horse trading," and it would be better for China to wait until later in the year when there may be a more favourable opportunity to discuss this question on its merits. An early release of the airmen would, of course, help to convince many countries that China is willing to settle her dispute with the Western world in a reasonable manner. In the meantime America can do her part to secure the release of the airmen and to reduce tension in the area. The act of re-neutralising Formosa under the Nationalist-United States mutual defence treaty has been hailed in London and other parts of the Western world as evidence that America is anxious to avoid any new Far Eastern clash. The guarantee the Nationalists have given not to embark on any major attack on the mainland without U.S. approval is certainly welcome and should go a long way to convincing Asian nations sceptical of American intentions that the pact is purely defensive in character. Free-press elements should insist that minor officials in the Administration refrain from making provocative and inflammatory speeches against the Chinese regime. A particularly distasteful example yesterday was the speech by the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr Walter Robertson who accused Peking of "gangster tactics" in goading the airmen. Remarks like these at this stage of his desire to reduce world tension, he must put a stop to this needless tough-talking among his officials for it is apt to create bewilderment and suspicion in the minds of his captious critics in Asia.

IKE APPEALS TO AMERICANS

'Don't Endanger Lives Of 11 Airmen' CAUTIONS AGAINST 'IMPETUOUS WORDS'

COMMISSION'S CALL TO NICARAGUA

Washington, Jan. 14. The investigating Commission of the Organisation of American States said tonight that "at least a substantial part of war equipment" moved into Costa Rica had come from Nicaragua.

"Therefore the Commission believes it is pertinent to recommend to the council of the O.A.S. that it send immediately a formal call to the Government of Nicaragua emphasizing the increasing seriousness of the present situation."

In San Jose Costa Rican airborne troops, advancing north after landing at the town of Liberia, have not yet made contact with fleeing "rebel invaders" and the situation tonight was obscure.—Reuter.

McCARTHY REBUKED

Washington, Jan. 14. Senator Joseph McCarthy was twice brought to order and told to take his seat in the Senate today for violating a rule forbidding a Senator to impugn a "dishonourable motive" to a fellow Senator.

Senator George Long (Democrat, Louisiana), temporarily presiding in the absence of Vice-President Nixon, twice ruled that Senator McCarthy was impugning indecorously to some Senators who voted for an anti-Communist resolution, adopted earlier in the day.

He was first ordered to take his seat after Senator Long said that Senator McCarthy had called other Senators "insincere."

"STENCH AND MUD"

Later, Senator McCarthy in an exchange with Senator Thomas Kuchel (Republican, California), said: "I am fully and completely convinced that there were those who were opposed to digging up Communists amongst the Senators, who voted for the resolution."

He said they were trying "to get the stench from their seat and the mud from their hands" for previous conduct.

Senator Long again ordered Senator McCarthy to take his seat.

THEN HE LEFT

A little later Senator McCarthy left the Senate chamber. Earlier, by a unanimous vote, the Senate today denounced the Communist Party and declared that Senate Committees should continue to investigate and expose the "Communist conspiracy."—Reuter.

President Eisenhower today cautioned Americans against demanding "reprisal or retaliation" against Communist China following the failure of the United Nations efforts to secure the immediate release of American airmen imprisoned in China.

In a statement issued by the White House, the President said it was natural for Americans to feel "disappointment" over the lack of immediate success in talks between the United Nations Secretary-General, Mr Dag Hammarskjold, and the Communist Chinese Premier, Mr Chou En-lai, in Peking.

The President said: "It will not be easy for us to refrain from giving expression to thoughts of reprisal or retaliation. This is what we must not do now."

The statement was issued after a phone conversation between the President and the Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, who is now in Omaha, Nebraska.

The President said: "The Secretary-General of the United Nations has returned from his mission to Peking. He has not yet formally reported but has indicated that his visit represented only a first stage in the United Nations negotiations to achieve the release of the American airmen and other United Nations' personnel detained in Red China."

RESTRAINT URGED

"He (Hammarskjold) believes that progress has been made and urges that restraint be exercised to permit of further efforts."

Quite naturally the immediate reaction of all Americans is that the Secretary-General's announcement is disappointing. All of us are rightly aroused that our airmen have not been long since released by their Communist captors in accordance with the clear terms of the Korean Armistice.

The statement continued: "We must never forget one fundamental thing: we want our airmen returned safely to their homes. All Americans are united and dedicated to their cause. Truth and right are on our side. We must trust in the community of nations and in the tremendous influence of world opinion. It will not be easy for us to refrain from giving expression to thoughts of reprisal or retaliation. Yet this is what we must not do now."

OWE THEM DISCIPLINE

"We will not fall into a Communist trap and through impetuous words or deeds endanger the lives of those imprisoned airmen who wear the uniform of our country. They are fighting men, trained to discipline. We now owe them discipline from ourselves."

"We must support the United Nations in its efforts so long as those efforts hold out any promise of success."—France-Press.

JUDGE'S BITTER CRITICISM OF FATAL BOXING BOUT

Boston, Jan. 14. A Judge said in an inquest report today that boxer Eddie Sanders' ring death last month would be murder if boxing were not legal in Massachusetts.

Municipal Court Chief Justice Elijah Adlow bitterly denounced the fatal December 11 fight between the Los Angeles Negro and Willis James of Boston.

Sanders died of a brain haemorrhage and other injuries a few hours after the New England heavyweight title fight at Boston Garden.

NOTHING ACCIDENTAL

Judge Adlow said that two medical examiners testified before him that the "objective of boxers who engage in a contest is to deliver a knockout punch. In their opinion, a knockout punch means nothing more than to inflict a brain injury on the contestant."

"There is nothing accidental about it," the Judge said. "It is a deliberate and purposeful act which is not only condoned and sanctioned by the tradition of the ring but is actually expected and demanded by the spectators."

Judge Adlow said that "in the absence of a law legalising boxing matches, an assault entailing such consequences would constitute murder."

OUT-CLASSED

The Judge said that Sanders was "out-classed from the beginning" of the fight and that James "enjoyed an advantage over his opponent which was quite effective."

Sanders, Judge Adlow said, "did not die accidentally."

He added: "While no one can be held legally or criminally responsible for his death, the fact remains that our society has made such a needless episode possible. It was wrong to permit the match in the first place. The comparative records of the fighters did not warrant it."—United Press.

Sea Trials For A-Powered Submarine

Washington, Jan. 14. The Navy announced tonight that the atomic-powered submarine Nautilus is scheduled to begin sea trials next Monday.

The first vehicle of any kind having nuclear power, the undersea craft is scheduled to leave the dock at Groton, Connecticut, and head down the Thames River for builders' trials.

Sea trials were delayed for three months when it was discovered that the "wrong kind of piping had been installed. The vessel was commissioned last October.

Informed sources disclosed that the Nautilus' atomic reactor has been producing heat for several days.

The Navy said that "initial trials at sea will be held on the surface to conduct underway tests of the propulsion plant and the other systems common to conventional submarines."—United Press.

'U.S. Spy' Killed In Russia

Paris, Jan. 14. Moscow Radio, in a broadcast ignored here, said the State Security Committee of the Soviet Cabinet announced today that an American spy had been killed and another arrested during the summer of 1954.

The Radio quoting a Tass Agency report, said the two "spies" were Kalika Kulk and Hans Tommler, former German S.S. (Elite) soldiers. They were parachuted into Estonia, the broadcast said.

The Radio said that Tommler was killed when he offered resistance to security officers who came to arrest him. Kulk was captured and will be placed on trial before a military court, the Radio declared.

CARRIED GUNS

The "spies" had in their possession two machine guns, four pistols, two portable radio transmitters, code, false Swedish passports as well as Swedish, Norwegian and Russian money and poison tablets in case they were captured.

The Radio said that the two spies were recruited by the Americans after the war and were specially trained in the United States. They later served in West Germany. The Radio also claimed that the task of the two men was to gather information on Soviet airfields and other military objectives and to transmit the information directly by radio. After accomplishing their mission, the two agents were supposed to escape to Norway.—France-Press.

Battered Ship Safe

Halifax, Jan. 14. The battered British freighter, La Orilla, docked in Halifax this afternoon after an epic battle against the stormy Atlantic.—United Press.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1	RACE 1
Valbridge	Good Girl
Outsider:—Good Girl.	Outsider:—Vagabond King.
RACE 2	RACE 2
Diana	Phoenix
Outsider:—Hiram C.	Outsider:—Diana.
RACE 3	RACE 3
Mascot	Mascot
Outsider:—Quicksilver.	Outsider:—Quicksilver.
RACE 4	RACE 4
How Do I Know	How Do I Know
Outsider:—Precious Mine.	Outsider:—Mainsail II.
RACE 5	RACE 5
Lightning Feet	Lightning Feet
Outsider:—Grass-Hopper.	Outsider:—Hawatha.
RACE 6	RACE 6
Strathairn	Strathairn
Outsider:—Field Marshal.	Outsider:—Field Marshal.
RACE 7	RACE 7
Snow-Damsel	Snow-Damsel
Outsider:—Full Ahead.	Outsider:—Full Ahead.
RACE 8	RACE 8
Fighting Spirit	Perfectibility
Outsider:—Speedy Roger.	Outsider:—Fighting Spirit.
RACE 9	RACE 9
Miracle	Starboard
Outsider:—Five Gold.	Outsider:—Miracle.
RACE 10	RACE 10
Debutante	Huntington
Outsider:—United Victory.	Outsider:—Citation.

Triumph For Adenauer And Mr France: Full Agreement On Saar

Baden-Baden, Jan. 15. The Mendes-France-Adenauer talks ended shortly before midnight last night with full Franco-German agreement on the Saar, a German spokesman said early today.

The announcement, following historic day-long talks here, meant the bringing of a difficult obstacle which had threatened to hamper ratification of the German rearmament pact.

M. Mendes-France, wily and tired after conferring with the German Chancellor, told a news conference: "In all spheres, we made very real steps forward."

GUARANTEE SOUGHT

He said he and Dr Adenauer were "now in the stage of putting these (Saar) agreements into effect."

A joint communique said France and Germany had agreed to ask the United States and Great Britain to guarantee the Saar pact, which would "Europeanise" the administration of the disputed coal-rich territory.

The communique failed to mention, however, the controversial European arms pool programme M. Mendes-France is trying to sell to Dr Adenauer and other Western nations.

Saturday Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:

P. 5: 'The strangest war in Britain's history. When wives accompanied husbands to the front, and Generals brought along their private yachts. Another in the series: World's Strangest Stories.

P. 6: Our new series: 'Secrets of the Undersea Jungle' by Jean Fouchet. Cretaceous, 10-year-old French businessman whose colour film of underwater life won a Cannes Film Festival award, tells of his experiences—and hair-breadth escapes—photographing and playing with the monsters of the deep.

P. 7: A.J. Forrest continues his disclosures of the working of Interpol. Milton Shulman discusses the London theatre in the New Year.

P. 8: Were recent weather upsets caused by those A and H Bombs? Beverley James discusses the theory. Chapman Pincher says it is time to stop the secrecy regarding the lavas. Tony Media discovers a Chinese remedy for rheumatism. It costs \$11.

P. 13: Bertrand Russell's message to 'masking, whose continued existence the laws in doubt. William Hickley.

NEW TENSION IN PANAMA President Held

Panama City, Jan. 14. The Panama Guard today surrounded the Presidential Palace and the new President Jose Ramon Guizado is considered a virtual prisoner.

An official report said that the encirclement of the Palace was for the protection of the President.

Meanwhile, police and the National Guard have proceeded with new arrests, reportedly in connection with the assassination of former President Jose Remon. Among those arrested were persons close to the Government and known to be close to one-time President Arnulfo Arias.

SITUATION GRAVE

Unconfirmed rumours have spread all over the country and the situation is considered grave.

One rumour declares that one of the persons recently arrested in connection with the assassination of President Remon has confessed and directly implicated the son of the President, Rojo Ramon Guizado.—France-Press.

SANTAL SOAP

ROGER & GALLET

PARFUMS CHIRAC

Lines for the European Traveller...

Who'd like to see more and spend less.

Home-leave coming? Do it right! Make your travel problems light. Sanbath, games or night club fun. Go your way by Hillman Minx.

The Loire, the Rhone, the Thames, the Rhine, Music, paintings, food and wine. Mont Blanc, Black Forest, St. Michel. A Hillman Minx will serve you well.

Here's bigger comfort, bigger style. (Cigarette smokes by the mile.) It's fun to drive, there's room to spare. To take the family everywhere...

And not the least of its allure. Your Minx saves money as you tour. Your service, gas and oil cost less. More so than anyone would guess.

So if you're homeward bound next year. It doesn't have to cost you dear. Just take the phone and ring up GILMAN. And let them demonstrate your Hillman.

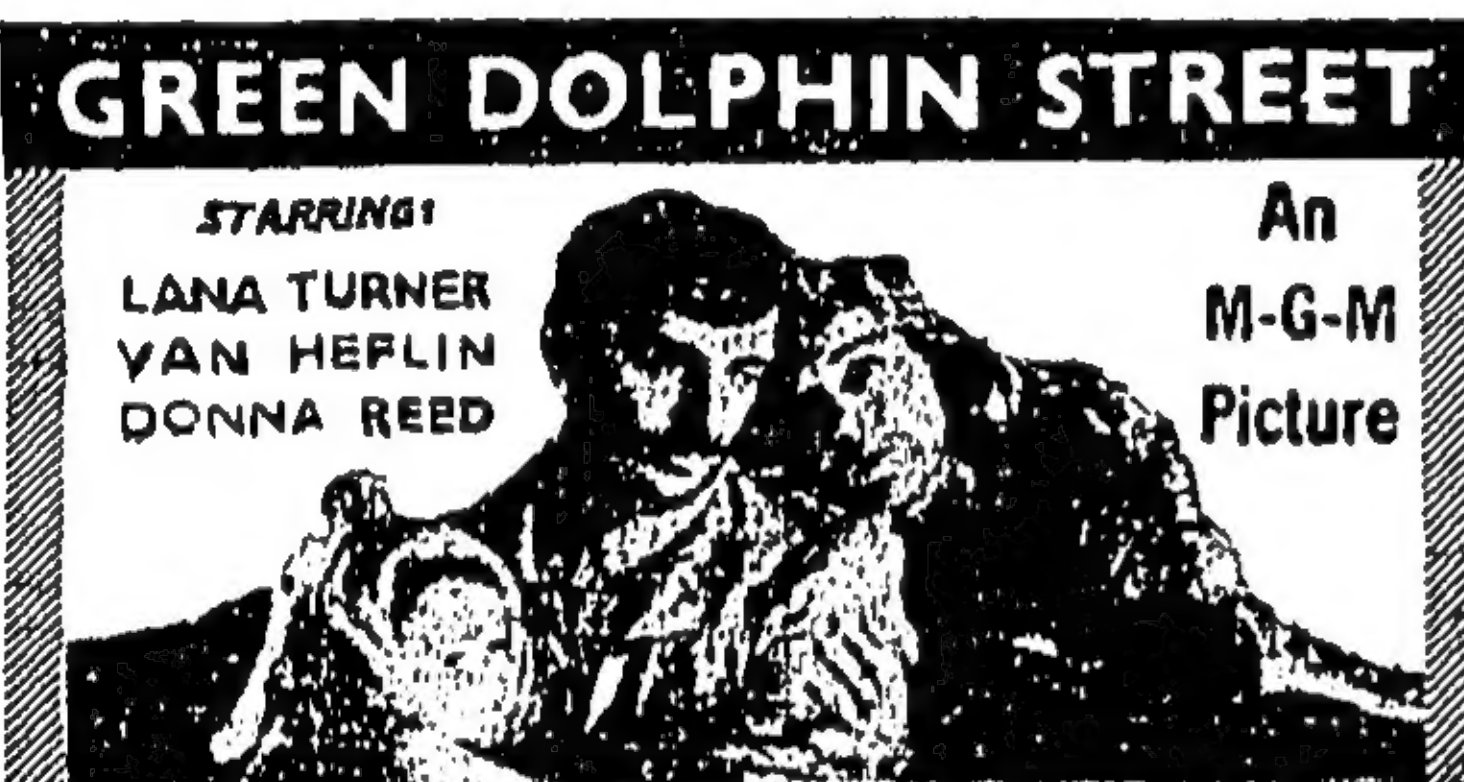
GILMAN MOTORS

CHAMPAGNE POMMERY

CHAMPAGNE POMMERY & GRENOBLE

POMMERY

KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★KING'S 5 SHOWS
TO-MORROW
EXTRA MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
"ROB ROY"
AT REGULAR PRICESPRINCESS TO-MORROW SPECIAL
MORNING SHOWSAt 11.00 a.m. M-G-M presents
"TOM and JERRY"
in CINEMASCOPE
A Programme of Cartoons at Reduced Prices
At 12.20 p.m. Warner Bros. presents
John Wayne in "BIG JIM McLAIN"
co-starring Nancy Olson
AT REDUCED PRICES!CAPITOL LIBERTY
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.20 & 9.45 P.M.
ON PANORAMIC SCREENSUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
CAPITOL LIBERTYM-G-M Presents
"TERESA" with Pier Angeli
"SOMBRERO" with Pier Angeli
John Ericson Ricardo Montalban
At Reduced Prices!

★ NEXT CHANGE ★

HOOVER: GREAT WORLD
CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 83900

NOW PLAYING 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SPECIAL MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION
HOOVER THEATRE
Sunday at 12.00 noon
ARROTT & COSTELLO in
"IN THE NAVY" COLOR CARTOONS
Sunday at 12.30 p.m.
Paramount Pictures

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

There's murder and crime detection at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY in "Eight O'Clock Walk", followed by a Lana Turner picture of some while ago—"Green Dolphin Street". The excellent musical "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" will start a week from today.

Comedy and girls reign at the HOOVER where they're showing "Top Banana" and then will come a British picture—"Shadow of the Past".

A second British picture is showing this week, though for a very limited time—"The Pickwick Papers" at the LEE, and after that you'll be getting another opportunity of seeing "The Purple Plain".

Yet another British picture is starting its run in Hongkong at the KING'S and PRINCESS. It's Walt Disney's film, based on Sir Walter Scott's novel, but on historical fact, "Rob Roy". Between it and the Chinese New Year picture will come "The Sins of Jezebel" and then for the holiday, the much-heralded "White Christmas" in Vista-vision.

The EMPIRE will be joining the KING'S and PRINCESS for "White Christmas" and in the meantime are showing "Jennifer", "The Highwayman" and "The Glass Mountain" in that order.

"Three Hours to Kill" is the western at the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA and then Vincent Price will try to send chills down your spine as "The Mad Magician".

The Italian "Paula" goes to the ROXY and BROADWAY, there she'll stay for three days with "The Floating Dutchman" as the next picture and the big "There's No Business Like Show Business" starting just before the Chinese New Year holiday.

The top banana is the term used to describe the principal comedian of any show in America and this is Phil Silvers' role in the picture, "Top Banana".

It was a very successful New York production and has been transferred to the screen more or less intact, except for some of the more shady stories.

In essence, it's a broad joke at the expense of American burlesque, with Phil Silvers a composite picture of Milton Berle, Jack Benny, himself and many other famous American radio, cinema, stage and TV comedians.

Except for the girls in their various degrees of undress, he is the whole show—on stage for nearly the entire picture, loud, brash, noisy, sentimental, yet a very endearing personality for all that.

The music is by the well known song writer Johnny Mercer.

CREEPY AFFAIR

"Shadow of the Past" is a creepy affair with a ghoully lady appearing out of the windowing every time the hero is misguidedly enough to stay in his house alone.

Whether or not one believes in ghosts, it would be a change if sometimes the end of a film about them didn't result in everything being explained with cold-blooded logic. How nice to be left wondering, instead of coming out feeling cheated.

Yes, there is the usual conventional ending to "Shadow of the Past"; but there's also the requisite amount of eeriness and in all fairness I must admit to experiencing an uncomfortable feeling when Terence Morgan was wandering through the haunted flat next door, knowing it was only a matter of time until the camera discovered the white-faced lady in black.

The smaller characters are better than the main ones. In this picture, a character played by Wyllie Walker, and two removal men, Terence Morgan, a walking dummy, No. 10, comes from him and his infatuation for the show is conveyed by his lines alone.



Richard Todd and Glynis Johns in a scene from "Rob Roy"

she too gave the impression of having her mind on other things.

In contrast, Michael Medwin, as good as the young hero in "The Intruder", grimes, fidgets and generally overacts in a fashion most unlike him.

The story and handling are good and the suspense well sustained.

WHAT A CAST!

What a cast form up for parade in "The Pickwick Papers". There's James Hayter as a beaming, rotund Pickwick, chairman of the Pickwickians Club, with, as his timid partner in adventure, James Donald.

London's two famous Her-mione-Glaxoid and Budgeley—are sour and sweet respectively, Joyce Grenfell is suitably gurgling as the party-giving Mrs. Leo Hunter and no less an actor than Donald Wolfit plays the part of the prosecuting sergeant Buzfuz.

As Mr. Jingle, Nigel Patrick wears an air of jaunty impudence; permanently impoverished, permanently scheming, permanently down and resolved never to be completely out, he floozes the gullible Pickwickians with such cheeky charm that one can imagine them feeling it almost a privilege.

Kathleen Harrison, Athene Seyler, Sam Costa, George Robey and William Hartnell are a few of the other well known actors in this very faithful piece of Dickens, produced and directed by Noel Langley.

As it will probably only be showing for a few days I should advise an early visit.

KINDLY TREATED

The period recreated by Walt Disney for his picture "Rob Roy" centres on a lurid page of the English-Scottish border battles in 1715, when Rob Roy Macgregor, his clan and their allies were attempting to restore the Stuart line to the English throne.

As in a previous costume picture featuring historical characters—"The Swastika and the Rose"—Richard Todd and Glynis Johns are once more the romantic team whose adventures we follow.

Two others in the cast of the earlier film are also included in "Rob Roy". James Robertson, Justice, who played King Henry VIII so robustly and well, and Michael Gough, who took the part of the scheming Duke of Buckingham.

Disney has dealt kindly with the old Scottish tale, filming it in the lovely Trossachs country of Scotland and eschewing the super-colossal spectacles to fear to the heart of Hollywood for a more simple and authentic treatment.

The border battles are shown as not much more than the milks they must have been and although this is essentially a picture designed for audiences who favour action rather than subtlety, it won't prove indigestible, even to intellectuals.

MERRILY THE STAR

Ida Lupino has become more famous in recent years for her productions featuring complex subjects than for her actual appearances on the screen.

In 1950 she produced "Not Wanted", a story featuring the world's first and unmarried mother, and in the same year "Never Again" that demonstrated how it was possible to live a normal life in

Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray are the young couple whose happiness is threatened by his wartime infatuation for an Italian girl, Valentina Cortese. She is the inspiration for his opera, "The Glass Mountain"—a gentle soul who though not wishing to separate, the composer from his wife, is nevertheless incapable of putting a stop to the strong attraction she feels towards him and which she suspects is returned.

The magnificent voice of Tito Gobbil is heard singing the Legend of the Glass Mountain and other songs that have become very popular since the film was first released.

WOMEN'S PLACE?

A large proportion of the saloons and hotels in the old West seem to have been owned or run by women, and pretty ones at that. The question crosses one's mind whether this has a foundation in fact or whether like the low cut gowns they inevitably wear, they're there to interest the cash customers.

Dianne Foster has the role in "Three Hours to Kill", with



Dana Andrews and Dianne Foster in "Three Hours to Kill"

Donna Reed as her rival for the affections of Dana Andrews.

The sheriff has given Dana Andrews just three hours in which to find the killer for whose crime he was nearly lynched three years previously and the action of the picture is concerned with his efforts to discover which of the "friends" present at the time was actually the killer.

A PITY

Poor Vincent Price appears destined to play the villain for ever. His soft, measured voice seems made for a sympathetic role, yet its very softness is inevitably twisted to become ominously menacing and the understanding light in his eyes is nearly always a cover for a warped mentality.

He's at it again in "The Mad Magician", killing three people and threatening two more before his fate catches up with him.

What a pity that this good looking actor is never allowed any legitimate romance in his films. Mary Murphy and Eva Garbar are the two girls he doesn't get.

POLICE WORK

The familiar landmarks of London form the background to "The Floating Dutchman", a film featuring Dermot Walsh and Sydney Tafler.

The Thames gives up a body, and a routine examination shows that the man was murdered before being thrown into the water. His pockets contain a card with the name of a West End bar printed on it and the name and telephone number of a notorious fence.

With these clues the police go to work to track down the killer and discover the reason for the crime.

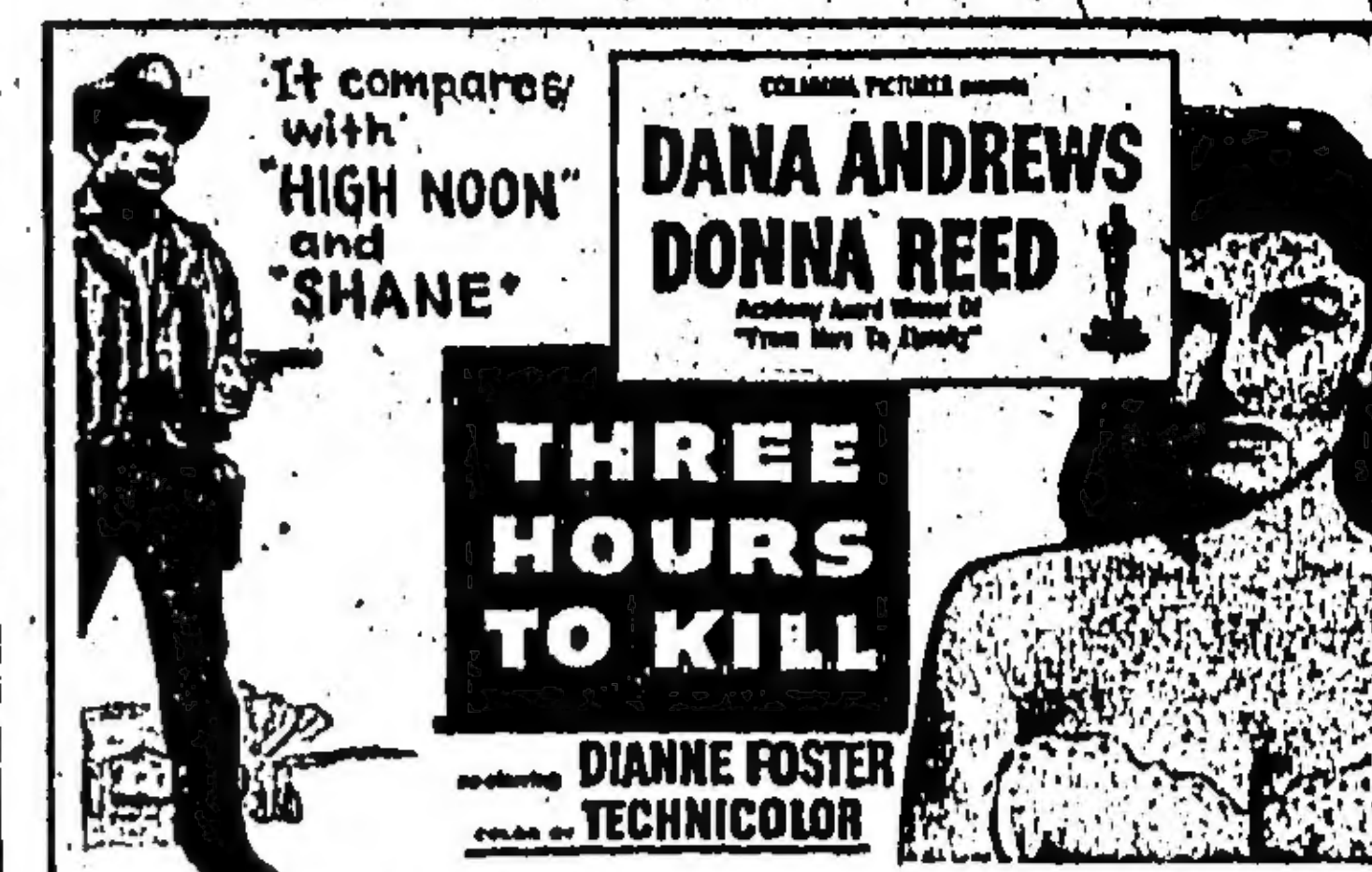


COMING TO THE THEATRE

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.
QUEEN'S ALHAMBRATom & Jerry
COLOR
CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices!

Joan Simon—Victor Mature
"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"
An RKO Picture
Reduced Prices:
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY ★
ROXY BROADWAY

At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.By Popular Demand
On Our CINEMASCOPE Magic Mirror Screens!
"NEWEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME"
Presented by 20th Century-Fox
Reduced Admission

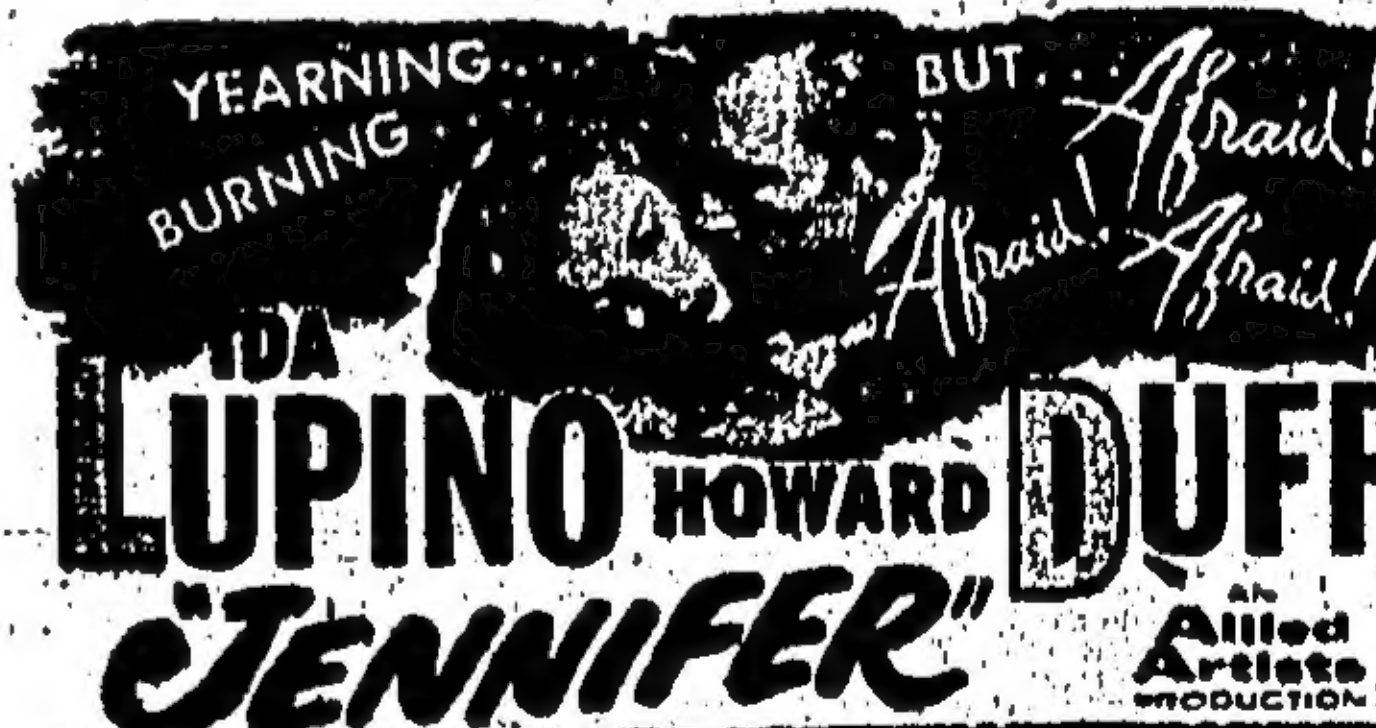
ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 C. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70 C.

OPENING TO-MORROW
Paula gave all for Love...
because she was...Released by 20th Century-Fox
BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

EMPIRE

COMMENCING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL MATINEES

11.00 a.m. 12.30 p.m.
WALT DISNEY'S JOHN WAYNE IN
COLOUR CARTOONS "FLYING LEATHERNECKS"
Admission: \$1.00, 70 cts. & 40 cts. Admission: \$1.00 & 70 cts.

The Garrison Players

A CASTING MEETING

for the play

"RELATIVE VALUES"

will be held on

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20th

AT 8 P.M. IN THE SEAMEN'S MISSION

A READING OF THE SAME PLAY WILL BE HELD

ON THE PREVIOUS TUESDAY, JANUARY 18th

ALSO IN THE SEAMEN'S MISSION

ALL MEMBERS AND NEWCOMERS WELCOME

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

PERON CROSSES SWORDS WITH THE CHURCH

Buenos Aires, Jan. 4.

Houses of prostitution will be opening up again soon in Argentine cities, and the friction between President Juan D. Peron and the Roman Catholic Church will be further intensified.

Under a decree issued last week, local and provincial authorities may give permission for the opening of brothels—banned in Buenos Aires for 20 years and throughout Argentina for 16.

The action was taken despite the vigorous opposition of the Catholic Church.

It followed the Government's legalising of divorce, with the right to remarry, and other measures which marked a steadily growing rift between Church and State.

The Government ended the long ban on prostitution after reports by city, provincial and federal health organisations that the venereal disease index was too high, despite the advances of medical science. The problem of homo-sexuality was another factor.

Two Operators

It is forecast that there will be no return of the once famous "houses of prostitution" like Macanudo.

Authorities are expected to permit houses operated usually by one or two women, con-

ducted by a woman not less than 40 years old. Police say this will prevent a return of the professional procurer.

All bawdy houses will be kept under close Government supervision. It is indicated that prostitutes will be registered, will have to undergo periodic medical inspection and will be subject to fine if they transmit venereal disease.

Special Account

Some reports say that 20 per cent of the revenue of the prostitutes will be put in a special savings or pension fund for their benefit.

It is believed that houses of three categories will be licensed, with rates ranging from 20 pesos (\$1.50) to 50 pesos (\$3.75).

Friction between the Government and the Roman Catholic Church has been increasing since last Oct. 1, when Congress passed a law granting illegitimate children equal rights with legitimate ones.

Throughout October, Peronist newspapers criticised alleged Catholic Church attempts to infiltrate labour unions. On Nov. 10, President Peron made a speech condemning alleged political and labour activities by a section of the Church. He named a number of priests as responsible.

12 Priests Arrested

In the following weeks, more than a dozen priests were arrested in the provinces and brought to Buenos Aires. Most of them have been released.

On Nov. 17, the Peronist Party directed its entire membership to watch for and report any signs of political activity by the clergy.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy followed with a pastoral letter, read in all pulpits, expressing deprecation to defend the basic principles of Catholic doctrine. This should not be misjudged as meddling in party politics, the letter said. Peron next abolished the Ministry of Education Bureau in charge of religious education. He had established the Bureau soon after he became President in 1946. The Bureau was charged with enforcing religious education in public schools.

Divorce Legalised

This was the first of a series of actions which made December a month of moves which antagonised the Church.

On Dec. 14 the two Houses of Congress, acting within a few hours, legalised absolute divorce.

During the month the Government banned processions, both religious and political. The provincial Congress of Cordoba abolished subsidies to Catholic schools and teachers of religion. Forty-nine priests and lay teachers were dismissed or pensioned in Cordoba University and other schools.

The Government decreed that religious education marks would not count for promotion in state schools.

Last Friday the newspaper El Pueblo, a Catholic Church organ which had criticised the divorce legislation, failed to appear. A spokesman blamed "labour trouble."

Years Of Criticism

The Government decided to legalise prostitution after years of criticism of the ban.

Legal prostitution had been banned in Buenos Aires in 1934 and throughout the country in 1937.

At that time the number of houses of prostitution was declining steadily. It was

estimated that in 1934 there were only 250 houses in Buenos Aires, compared with 857 in 1925.

In fact, the old fashioned brothel is dying out slowly throughout South America. It is being replaced by the call-girl system and by bar girls.

One Reason

One reason for the ban in Argentina was that Buenos Aires was called a centre for the international prostitution trade. Women were being lured there from Europe. It was charged.

Labour unions started demanding repeal of the ban in 1949. In that year the Peron Government drafted legislation to end the ban but it was not enacted.

At that time Roman Catholic opposition was vigorous. It was manifested chiefly through Catholic action and similar groups. It was reported that 30,000 telegrams of protest were sent to Peron within one 24-hour period.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Waldo has some very smart pals—they're always here when we have steak, and never when we eat leftovers!"

Calypso Composers Prepare For Princess Margaret's Visit

London.

Princess Margaret leaves here by air at the end of the month to tour the Caribbean, and advance reports say almost every Calypso composer in the Islands plans to immortalise her visit in song.

PEKING MAN BONES

(On Exhibition In China)

MAY BE ONLY CASTS

Washington.

The "bones" of the famous 500,000-year-old Peking Man which are now being exhibited in Peking to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their discovery, may actually be expert casts of the bones.

The historic bones, themselves, were lost during World War II in an attempt to get them out of China to a place of safety in the United States. It was not known whether they had been seized by the Japanese or accidentally sunk with a lost boat, or whether they had been saved up for use as medicine.

In 1952, a Chinese Communist anthropologist charged that the United States Government had stolen the bones and brought them to New York to exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History. The charge was denied by American scientists.

After the war ended, an anthropologist with the American Occupation Forces in Tokyo searched for the Peking Man bones there but found that the Japanese had not seized them.

American anthropologists will be glad if the historic fossil bones are actually safe in China. Their loss was not, however, considered a serious handicap to science because of the numerous excellent casts of the fossil bones that were in existence and could be used for future scientific study.

AN APPEAL FOR ROME'S PROTESTANT CEMETERY

Resting Place Of Shelley And Keats

Rome.

The Protestant Cemetery of Rome, famous as the resting place of poets Shelley and Keats, today has hardly enough money to care for its graves or prevent their names from all being "writ in water."

"We need help from somewhere," said Cemetery Superintendent Marcello Piermattei. The grave of Keats, with its immortal name writ in water, is not threatened. Nor is that of Shelley.

"The Keats-Shelley Memorial Association takes care of them," said Piermattei. "But there are many others for whom we have no funds and no contact with their relatives."

Among the forgotten dead are more than 100 Americans.

The Protestant Cemetery was opened in 1722 by special permission of Pope Innocent XIII to receive the body of an English naval officer, the Earl of Sandwich. The Pope's Government had previously ruled that no "heretics" could be interred within the city walls.

The cemetery today is managed by an international committee, created in 1922 and composed of Ambassadors and ministers from 18 nations with large non-Catholic populations. Among the American graves is that of an official U.S. envoy

to Rome in the first half of the last century, while Pope Pius IX was temporal Ruler of Central Italy.

Rising Costs Blamed

Piermattei said rising costs have depleted the special fund which was to provide perpetual care for the graves.

"Before the war, 30 lire was enough to care for one grave for an entire year," he said. "But today, 30 lire is worth less than five cents."

Piermattei led the way to the Keats grave.

Flanking it were two towering pine trees, one leaning over heavily with the weight of age. Supporting the pine is a most strange "mother" was a laurel tree which had grown from below to encircle and prop the bigger tree, rooted in the grave of the young English poet.

Piermattei explained he had planted the laurel when he first volunteered as cemetery superintendent 33 years ago. "Even the trees try and help us hold on here," he said.—United Press.

A Scientist Waits For His Reward

Corvallis, Oregon.

An immigrant scientist whose success story has been one of "riches to rags" instead of the usual pattern is finally being paid off.

Dr. William J. Kroll, 65, who invented the process for mass production of titanium, a metal vital in the manufacture of jet aircraft, expects the position of bringing him a cheque for \$100,000 any day now.

Dr. Kroll is not exactly destitute. He lives in modest but comfortable circumstances here in a home he built and owns.

But he has been fighting in court for six years to obtain patent royalties from America's \$500,000,000 titanium industry.

"I've worked for 12 years like a beast but I'm poorer now than when I hit the shores of the United States," Dr. Kroll said in an interview.

COURT RULING

A Federal Court ruled recently he should receive one half of one per cent of the retail price of titanium produced by his process.

America makes about 5,000 tons of titanium a year. By 1957 production is expected to reach 35,000 tons. The strong, light, heat-resistant metal sells for about \$4.50 a pound.

Dr. Kroll said the \$100,000 he expected to receive soon in retroactive royalties will not begin to cover the amount he has spent in litigation to clear his claim. He had to sell his three-story laboratory in Luxembourg to help make living expenses.

His patent rights were seized by the Alien Property Custodian when he entered the United States in 1940, fleeing his native Luxembourg to avoid working for Hitler. He had perfected his titanium process while working for a German firm.

The royalty dispute centred over whether the patent rights belonged to Dr. Kroll or the German organisation that employed him. Many records pertaining to the case had been destroyed.

GREAT DISCOVERY

Although Dr. Kroll believes he should receive a full one per cent in royalties instead of a half per cent, he is comforted by the fact that his discovery is regarded as one of the greatest in a century in the field of metals.—United Press.

Russians Banned From Non-existent County

Pierre, South Dakota.

A non-existent county is one of the areas in the United States from which the Russians are banned.

The list of counties declared "off limits" to Russians by the State Department included Armstrong county, S. D.

But Armstrong county is no more. It was annexed a year ago by Dewey county—from which the Russians are also banned.

But no South Dakotans can imagine why a Russian would want to visit the area anyway—even if they could.

Its only claim to distinction was that it was the most deserted county in the nation. The 125-mile area which was Armstrong county was nothing but grassland and scrub, populated by 62 people, and thousands of cattle, jackrabbits, coyotes and grouse.

It had no roads, towns, Post Offices, schools, churches, federal or state employees.—United Press.

LEE Theatre

AIR-CONDITIONED, OZONIZED AND WARM

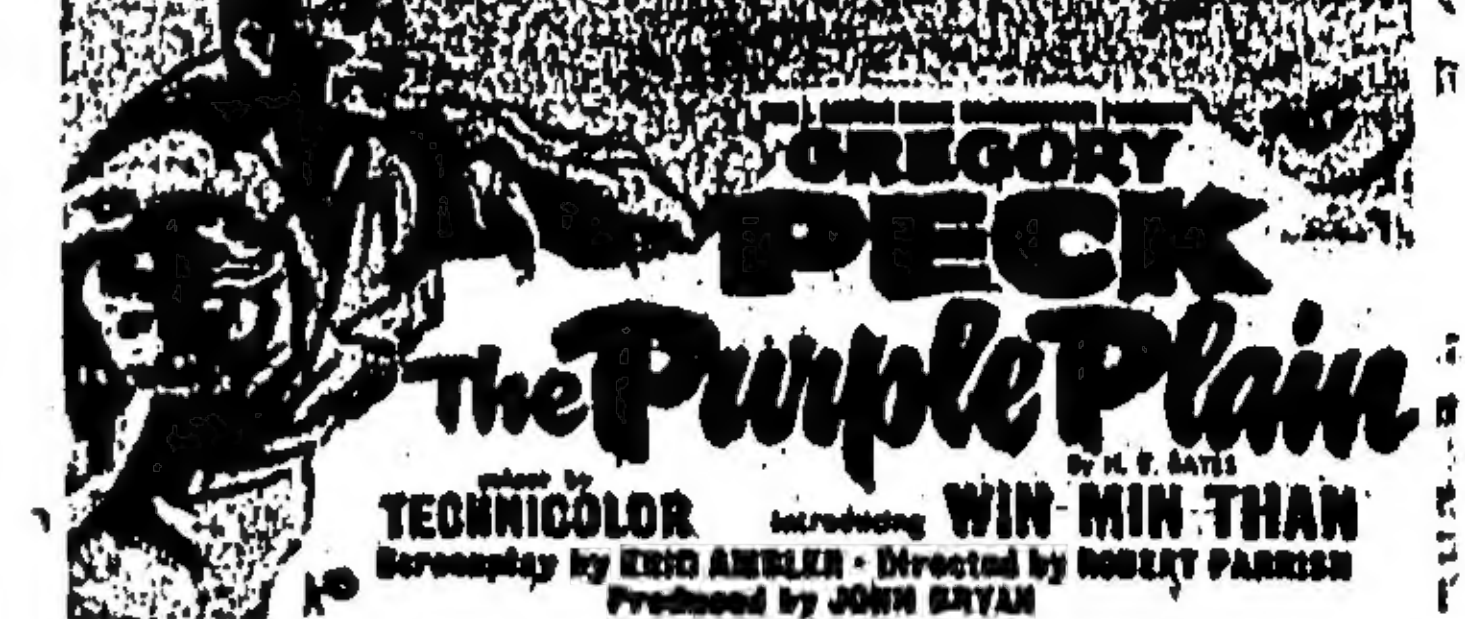
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SHE WAS BORN TO BE BAD... TO MAKE TROUBLE!

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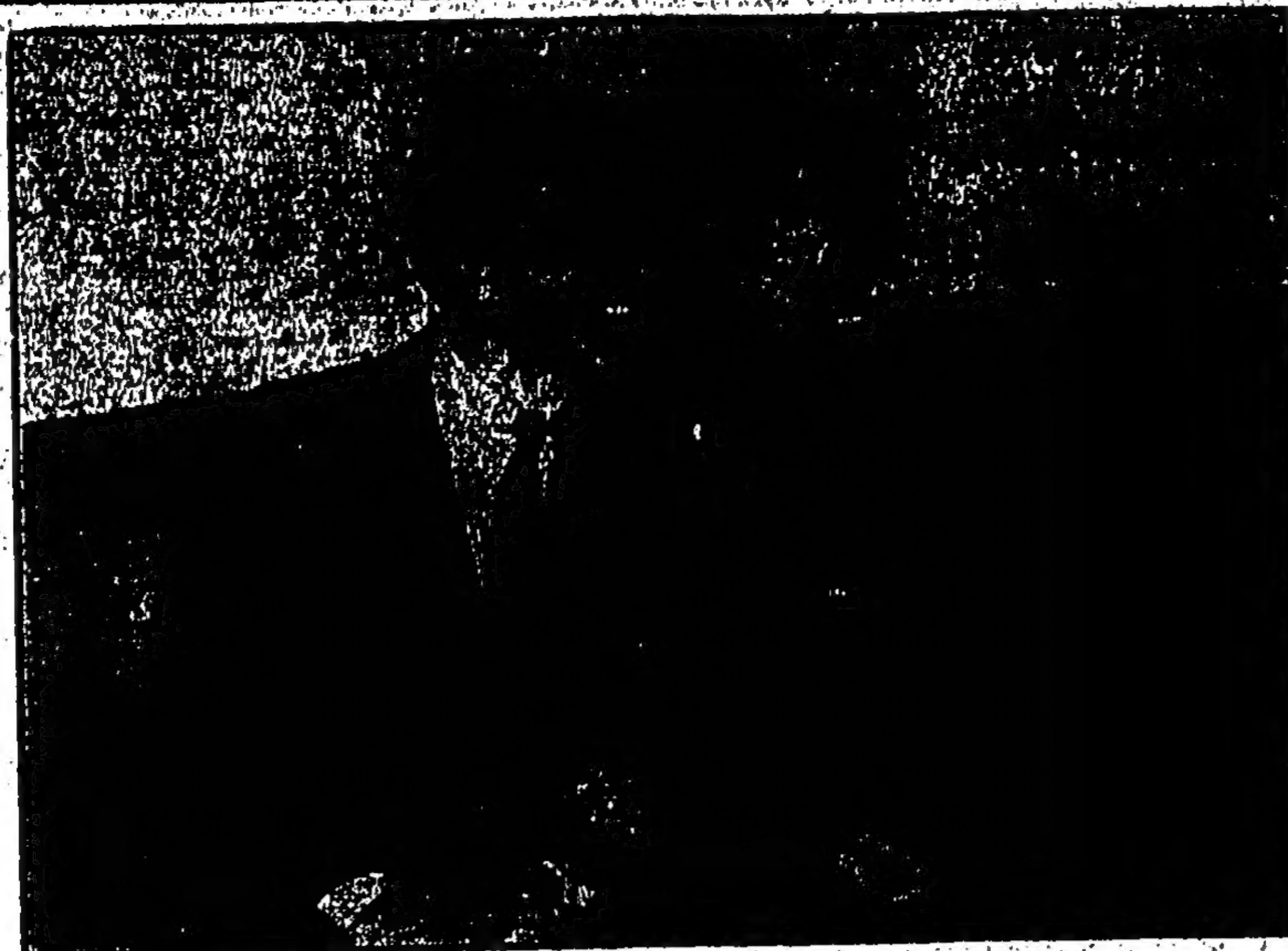
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



AUDREY HEPBURN has ended her three-month Italian honeymoon with husband Mel Ferrer, and they have returned to London, her home town. For her it has been an absence of four years. They are pictured at a press reception at the Dorchester Hotel. (Express)

BALLERINA Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin are being seen on the same stage again—the first time since they broke up their dancing partnership in 1952. They are appearing in "Where The Rainbow Ends," at London's Royal Festival Hall. They are seen reading greeting telegrams. (Express)



RIGHT: London Metropolitan Police dog Rex III holding in his jaws the Special Silver Medal of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals and the Bronze Medal of the National Canine Defence League, both awarded to him recently. Rex and his handler have been responsible for 81 arrests for crime. (Express)



LEFT: Professor Morris Ginsberg, of the London School of Economics, who has flown to Tokyo under the auspices of the British Council to tell Japanese about "recent developments in British Sociology." Picture was taken at London Airport. (Express)



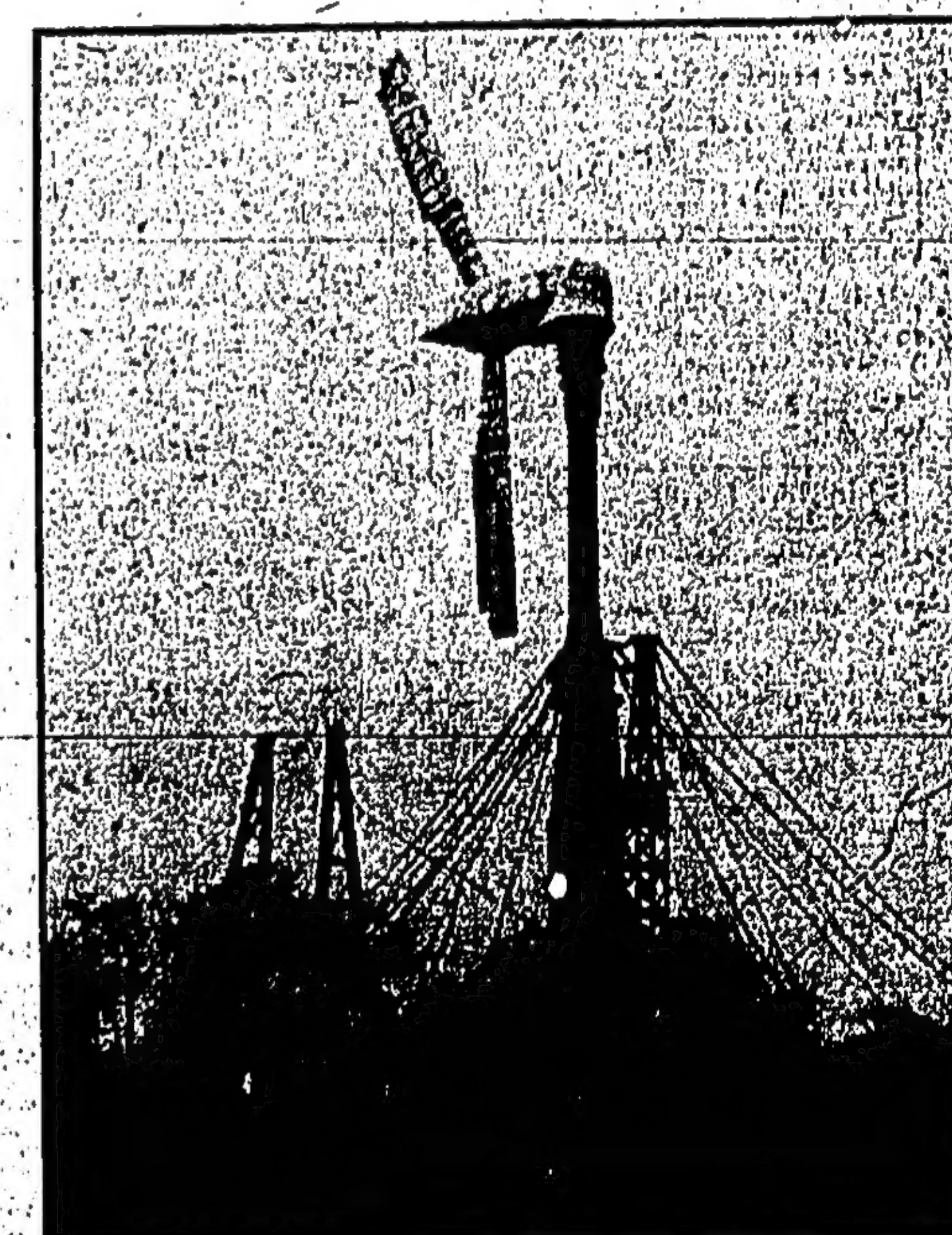
FILM star Diana Dors takes aim with a dart—yes, left-handed—at a party given in Hammersmith for 2,000 racing punters by a West End bookmaker. She won a £5 note by piercing it on the board. (Express).



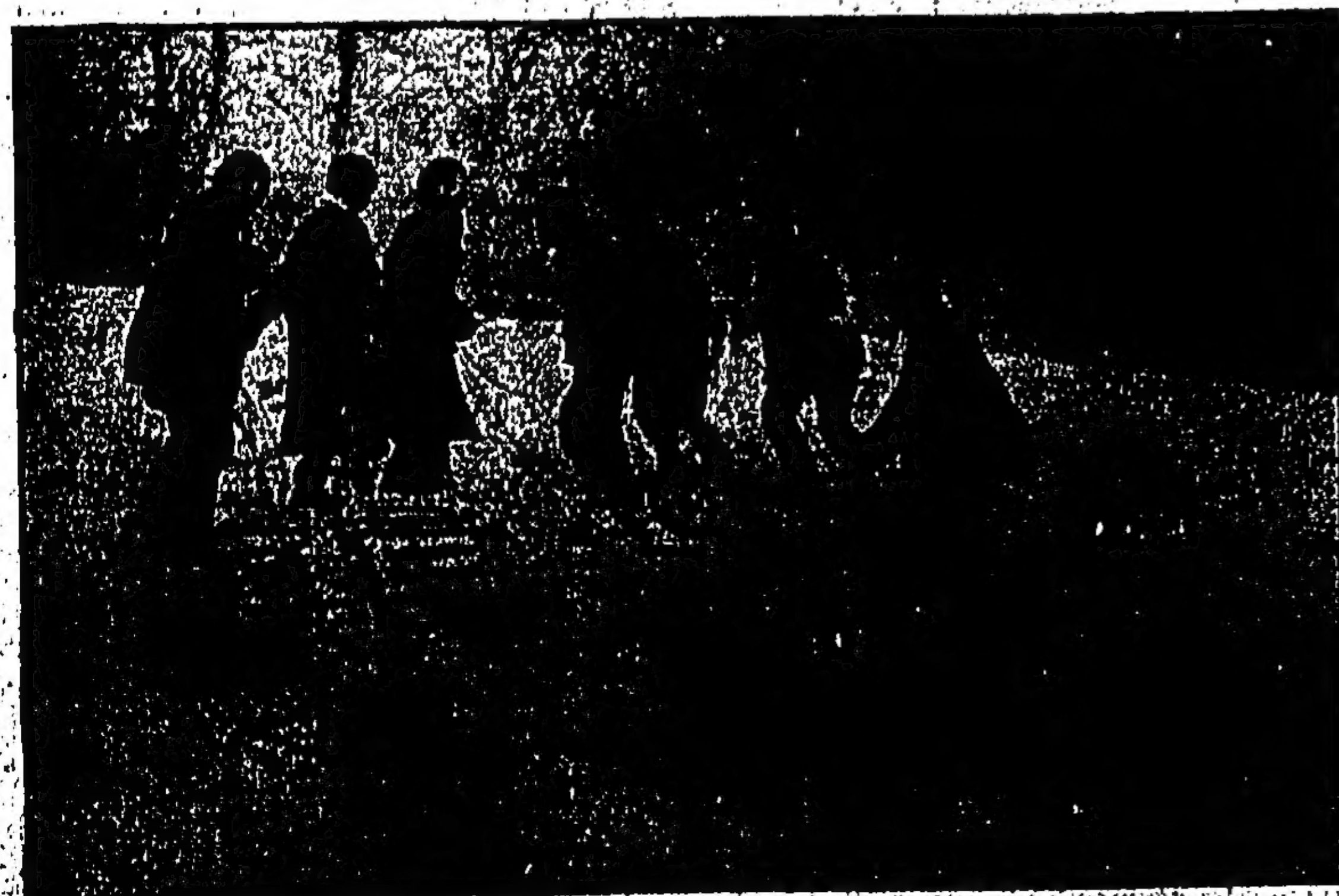
ACTRESS Valeria Hobson and Mr John Profumo, MP, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, glance back as they leave St. Coloma's Church, London, after their marriage. (Express)



VISITORS to the National Boat Show at Olympia watch an underwater game of draughts being played inside a tank. The contestants, in underwater swimming equipment, are Miss Pauline Ady and Mr Barry Blair, members of the British Sub-Aqua Club. (Express)



EXPERIMENTS to obtain electrical power from the air are being carried out at St. Albans, Herts. This is a view of the unique windmill, which looks like an enormous silver aircraft propeller.



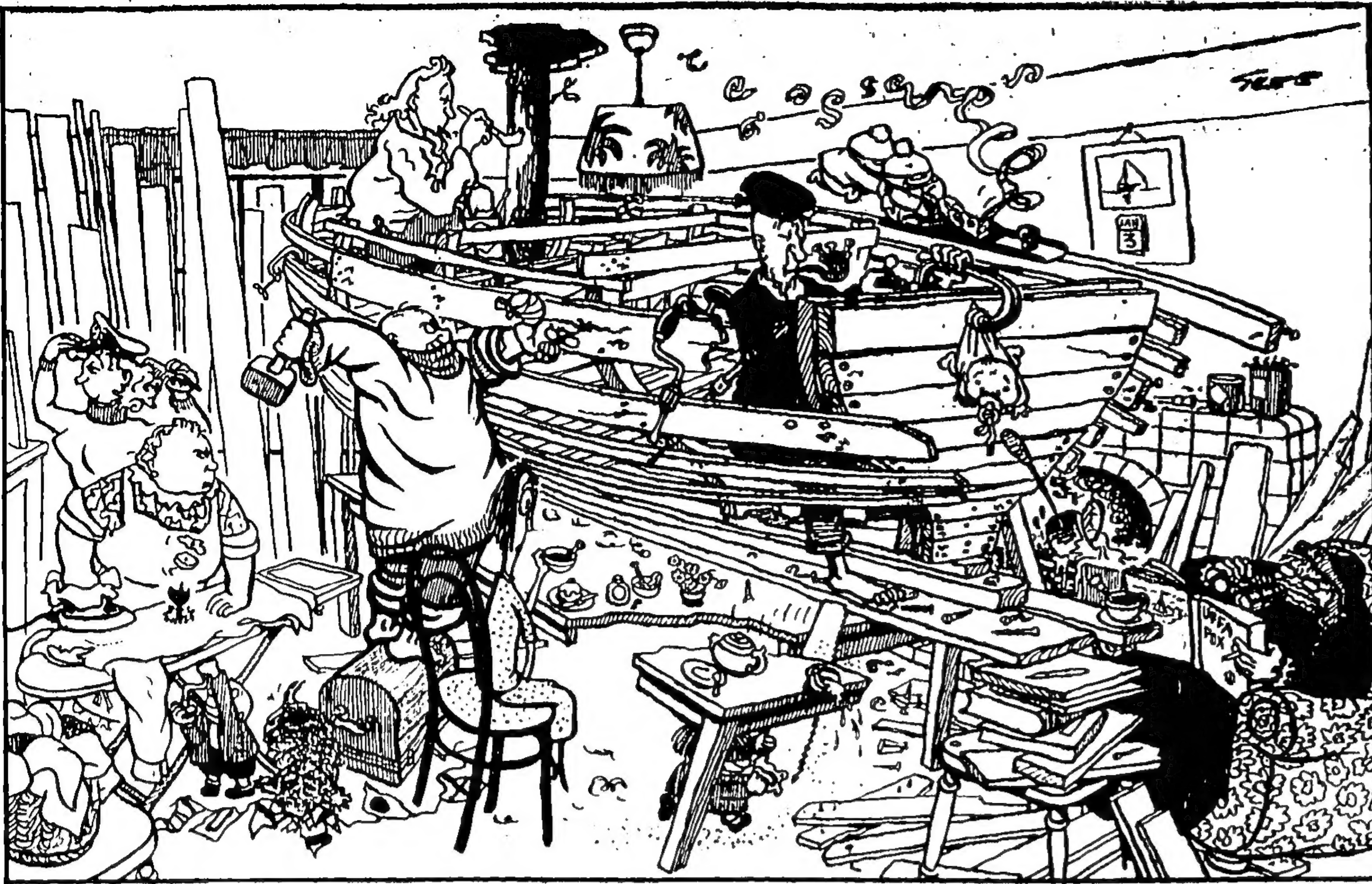
IN London's first snowfall of the winter, these laughing boys, warmly wrapped up, take to winter sports on Hampstead Heath. They had fun, though many of their elders complained of the bitter cold and stayed home.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DAIRY
BODY
MILK
CHOCOLATES



"I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT THIS FAMILY COULD NOT GO TO A BOAT SHOW AND JUST LOOK AT BOATS."

London Express Service

★ Another of the World's Strangest Stories

THE ODDEST WAR IN BRITISH HISTORY

ON those spring mornings one hundred years ago when the British Army embarked for the Crimea no cloud of doubt, no premonition of disaster hung over the celebrations.

Bands played on the quaysides, and as flowers, cases of wine, and hothouse fruit were carried aboard the transports at Southampton and Plymouth everyone agreed that the sight of British steel would soon settle the Russians.

For many officers and men there was no sadness at separation from their womenfolk. Wives and even grey-haired mothers were going with them.

Looking very beautiful in a riding habit with long skirt, tail-coat, and shining buttons, Lady Erroll had taken the precaution of bringing her French maid, and was to share a tent with her husband—the Commanding Officer of the 90th Rifles—during the campaign ahead.

Her foresight was matched by Frances Duberly, who had taken on the wife of her husband's sergeant-major as her maid. This gay young woman had also brought along her favourite horse. A keen horsewoman, she probably visualised the undulating Crimea as ideal hunting country.

One man who might reasonably have been expected to sail with his troops—the Light Brigade—was its commanding officer, But Lieut.-General the Earl of Cardigan had permission to make a far more civilised approach to the theatre of war. He was to follow later and so he had to stop on the way for a dinner party with Napoleon III in Paris and for a couple of days' sightseeing in Athens.

X

HE had also arranged for his yacht, the Dryad, to follow him to the Black Sea with his French chef on board. This proved a wise precaution for while his subordinates had to put up with mud, rain and lice could be certain of a bath, a decent bottle of wine and a good infected bivouac on shore no night's sleep between sheets.

But there were less forgivable indiscretions. "Inefficiency and personal jealousy between men in the highest command were to lead to tragedy," so that when we celebrate the anniversary each October of the Charge of the Light Brigade we are forced to remember not only dazzling gallantry but also extraordinary ineptitude.

The active stirrup-leather did not last long. The now falling steps crumpled with troops and horses hit rough seas and terrible wet weather. Many of the horses (including

By FELIX BARKER

Mrs Duberly's went mad with fear in the lurching holds and had to be shot.

A gruelling summer of boredom, training, and widespread death from cholera was spent at the barren coast of Bulgaria around Varna. Supplies were short and the troops cursed at being forced to polish and pipe-clay their equipment and drill day after day as if they were at their home depot.

It came as a relief when in August Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, issued orders for embarkation across the Black Sea, and it was known that war was to be taken right to the enemy with an invasion of the Crimea.



CARDIGAN:
Brave, stupid.



RAGLAN:
Foolhardy.



LUCAN:
"No women."

Transports, however, were hopelessly inadequate. Orders had to be given that 1,200 horses and 4,000 baggage animals must be left behind (many to starve to death), and that no women were to follow with their husbands on this last stage of the journey.

This order was gaily disregarded by the incorrigible Mrs Duberly, Lord Lucan, Com-

mander of the Cavalry Division, refused her permission point-blank, but Lord Cardigan, touched by her tears, agreed to turn the blind eye. So, early on the morning of embarkation, she disguised herself as a Turkish woman and, smothering her laughter, was smuggled past the vigilant Lucan in a native cart and so on board.

Lord Cardigan's disregard of Lord Lucan's order about Mrs Duberly was just one example of the many lesser over which these two men came to logger-heads.

Though related by marriage, they disliked each other intensely, and nothing could have been more unfortunate than their appointments in the Expeditionary Force. As Commander of the Light Brigade Lord Cardigan found himself at 57 under the orders of Lord Lucan, a man three years his junior, who had the command of the whole Cavalry Division.

X

LORD Cardigan, proud, arrogant and rather stupid, was the last man to accept gracefully a subordinate role. Quarrelsome and pigheaded, his saving grace was his deep love for the cavalry, an affection which led him to spend £10,000 a year of his own money on the 11th Hussars of which he was the Colonel; and at the testing moment of crisis he proved that he could behave with incalculable bravery.

That moment came at ten minutes past 11 on the morning of October 25, 1854, in North Valley, a long plain between two ridges of hills near the little Crimean seaport of Balaklava.

This was the scene of Lord Cardigan's triumph; the scene, too, of the most famous disaster in our military history; a scene which (as a final touch of the improbable) was witnessed by Mrs Duberly from a vineyard on the heights above the valley. "Do not wait for breakfast," scribbled her husband who had sent a horse to the ship in which she was living so that she should come up to see the battle.

X

BY 11 o'clock the Battle of Balaklava was half over. A force of 20,000 Russian infantry and 9,000 cavalry which three hours earlier had opened an attack on the British-held port had been repulsed. They had retreated in confusion, but a great victory had been lost to our Army by not following up the advantage.

Now the Russians had had time to re-form, and as the sun rose higher, and the mist lifted, Lord Raglan looked down from the heights at the west end of the valley.

In the foreground, about 600 feet below, he saw the assembled Light Brigade. They were at rest, clumping near their horses, chatting and smoking—700 men belonging to five of the most finely trained



The redoubtable Mrs. Duberly, her horse, and her husband, whom she followed to the battlefield.

cavalry regiments in the Army.

To the left rose the Fedoukine Heights; to the right the Causeway Heights. The valley between them was about a mile wide. And at the far end—1½ miles away—could be seen the Russian field-guns and, behind the hastily re-formed lines of Russian cavalry and infantry.

On the Causeway Heights to the right the Russians held three strong-points, and it was just about 11 when Lord Raglan's staff looking through field-glasses saw the Russians beginning to pull back their guns from these redoubts.

At once the Commander-in-Chief sent a message to Lord Lucan: "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front—to follow the enemy carrying away the guns."

X

WHAT he did not realise was that from his position high above the valley he could see the enemy's strong-points which were quite invisible to Lord Lucan below.

"Attack, Sir? Attack what?" demanded Lucan of the aide-de-camp who brought the message. In answer the aide, a hot-headed, impatient young man, waved his hand in the direction of the valley. "There my Lord, is your enemy!" he said. "There your guns!"

It was a totally imprecise gesture and statement. To Lord Lucan this order indicated that he was to attack the Russian guns massed straight ahead of the end of the valley. He also knew it meant certain suicide.

Had he and Lord Cardigan been on better terms they might have discussed the order, tried to define Lord Raglan's meaning. But the long-standing feud had destroyed any possibility of such a consultation.

So he simply put heels to his horse, rode over to Lord Cardigan and repeated the order. Sticker for discipline though he was, Cardigan could not refrain from protesting that the Russians had guns aimed at both batteries; and riflemen on the heights to the left and right. "Lord Raglan will have it," was all Lord Lucan could reply. Lord Cardigan brought down his sword in salute.

At a walk... at a trot... at a canter... the three long lines of cavalry started down the valley. Lord Cardigan, at their head, was a magnificent figure in cerise, royal blue, and gold frogging, his sword drawn for the charge.

In perfect parade-ground order the Light Brigade moved forward, the jingle of their harness breaking the silence that suddenly fell on the valley.

X

THEY had gone only 50 yards when the Russian guns fired their first salvo, and from that moment they were under a continual volley of deadly fire from right, left and centre.

They did not falter or slow down. As one man or horse fell another took his place. The line remained unbroken as they advanced farther and farther into the rain of shot and ball. "Close in! Close in the centre!" came the continual shout of command as their numbers grew fewer and fewer.

At 80 yards the 12 Russian guns fired into them point-blank. With groans and cries the whole front line seemed to dissolve.

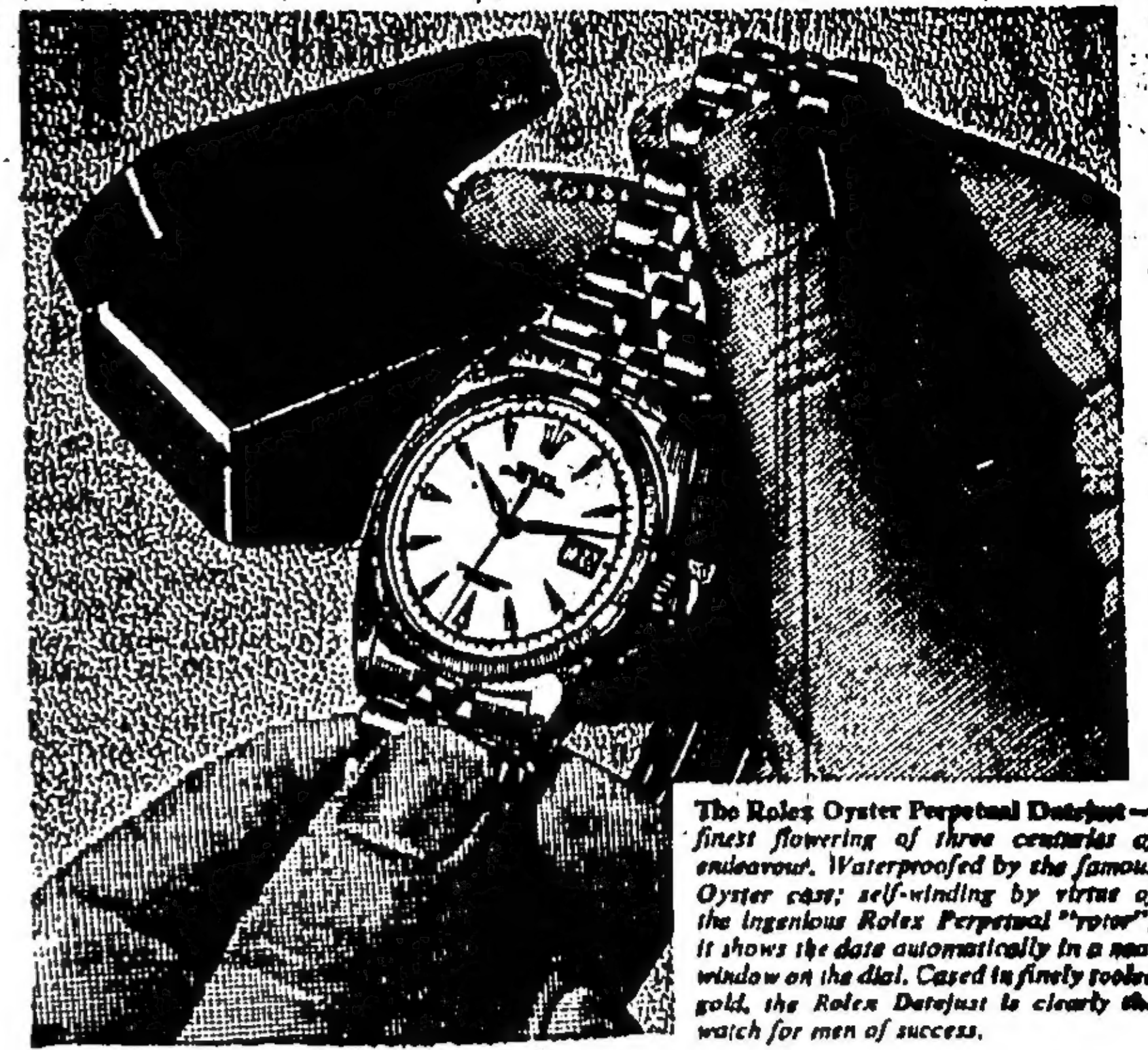
Lord Cardigan, still a fearless, upright figure at their head, went right through the Russian guns. While the Lancers, the Hussars and the Dragoons cut and slashed among the enemy gunners he rode to within a few yards of the Russian infantry massed behind them.

X

SO, his place in history secure, Lord Cardigan wheeled his horse and at the head of the small body of tattered, bullet-torn survivors rode back down the valley. Of the 700 who had started out only 198 returned. Among the human dead lay the bodies of 400 horses.

So across was Lord Cardigan, so little touched by the blazing hell through which he had led his men, that when he again reached the British line he was greeted with one inquiry of: "Were you not there?" "Oh, wasn't I though?" exclaimed his lordship.

And with this somewhat understatement he trotted away, back to his yacht, back to a hot bath, a bottle of champagne with his dinner, and then bed.



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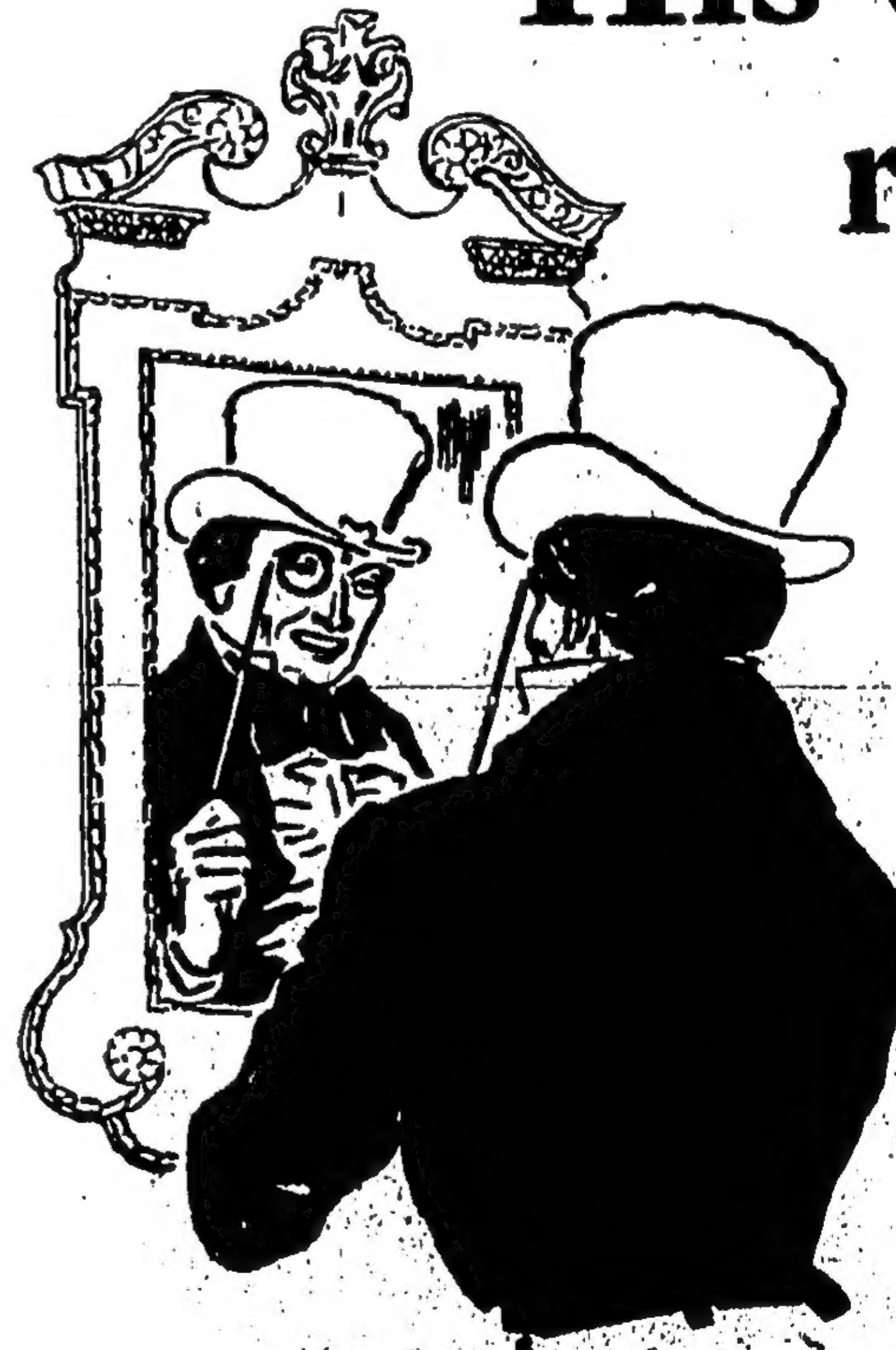
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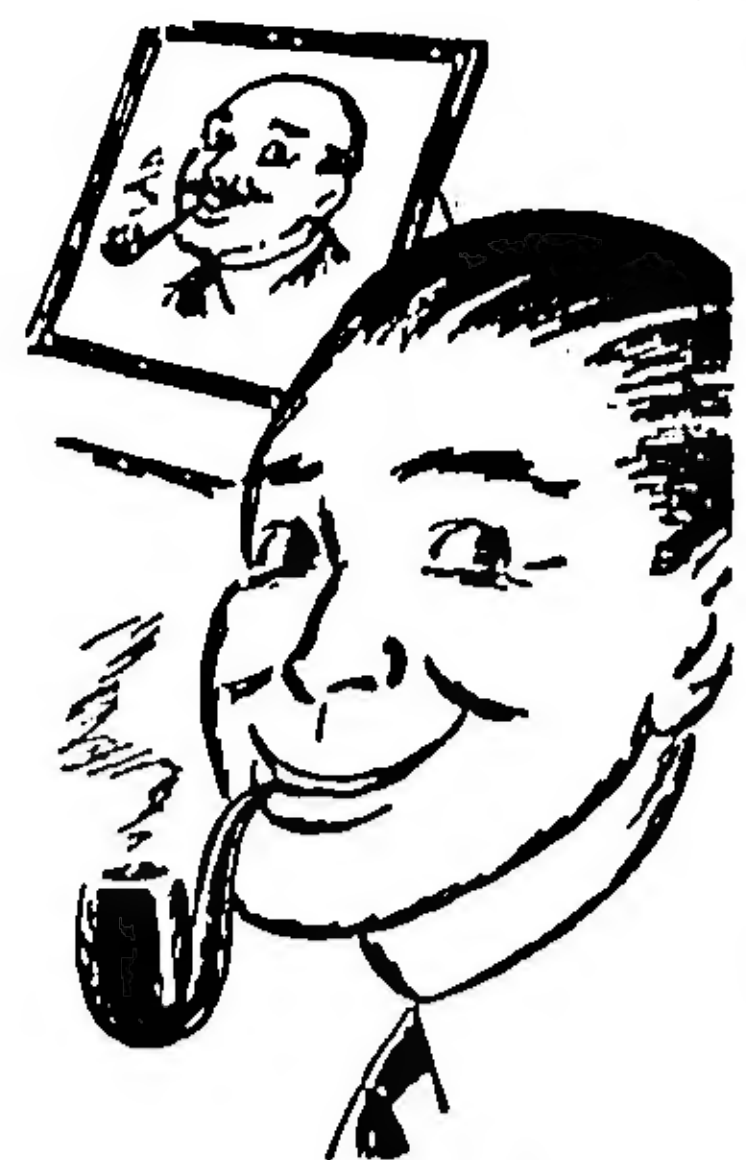


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SHARKS are cowards. If I had known this at the time, I would never have experienced the terror of grappling with one of these monsters of the sea; I would never have suffered the agony of feeling its cruel fangs crunching into my thigh and the great jaws holding me in a vice-like grip far below the surface, almost drowning me—or so it seemed—in the blood that gushed from my wound.

Through the centuries, a legend of aggressiveness and fearlessness has been built up around the shark. Only in recent years have the activities of underwater hunters like myself made it possible for most of that legend, founded on sailors' yarns and fishermen's tales, to be disproved.

Today I know that a shark will not attack a fearless man face to face. I know that even when cornered at close quarters a shark will hesitate to lunge at a diver who looks him steadily in the eyes in the same way as a lion tamer does with his beasts in the circus ring.

And with the confidence founded on this knowledge I have been able to go down and join those majestic fishes in their natural element.

Deliberately clad in white helmet, white trunks and with

white rubber flippers strapped to my feet—for anything white attracts a shark—I have plunged and played among them.

Thus, in only a few years, I have learned more of their habits than has been discovered before in centuries.

Everything I have found, I have reported to a professor friend who has made a lifelong study of sharks and is regarded as one of the world's leading authorities on them. His sad comment after seeing one of my underwater films was: "I have wasted my life."

But before I tell you of my adventures beneath the waves in many parts of the world, let me explain this business of underwater hunting—how we go about it and why.

Foremost is its fascination. Nearly all the world has been explored. Everest has been climbed. There seems little new to be discovered on the face of the earth. But there still are the great, unimagined starry journeys to the stars, voyages through space and plunges to the great depths which cover 145,000,000 square miles or about three-quarters of the surface of the globe.

Just as more and more of the mysteries of outer space are being revealed with each passing year, so, today, an ever-growing band of underwater explorers and hunters are revealing the mysteries of the deep from which spring human life itself.

It was a prehistoric fish, remember, that developed the first lung and, later, a limb with five toes, for walking on dry land.

For me, at least, the mysteries of outer space cannot compare in fascination with those of the seabed. Beneath the looking glass of the waves life is teeming and exciting and there is beauty beyond the dreams of those who have never ventured into that silent other world.

And it is all there for us to explore, NOW.

"Before you die, do your best to borrow or steal equipment which will enable you to take a look at this new world."

These are the words of William Beebe, the great American fish-zoologist and explorer, who knows the enchanting and mysterious underwater universe better, perhaps, than any other man on earth.

I can only echo the sentiments of this enthusiast who sits fascinated on the Pacific sea-bed, hour after hour, amid the wonder of a coral bank, cursing the frailty of the human body when, at last, the cold, caustic forces him to the surface.

Like most other underwater hunters and explorers, I began to dive for the sheer sport of it. Only much later did I become interested in the scientific side.

Among us there is a strict code of behaviour. And, personally, I never wear an oxygen apparatus when hunting. To my way of thinking, that would be an unfair advantage. Rather than adopt a mechanical apparatus which would permit me to remain submerged almost indefinitely—or at least for as long as I could stand the cold—I prefer to rely on the capacity of my lungs, pitting against my quarry what physical stamina I possess.

Then, again, I would not dream of hunting any creature which has not at least an equal chance of victory in the underwater struggle between us.

To kill indiscriminately the fish which accept the diver as a companion, usually without fear but often with curiosity—that, in my view, would be too easy, too cruel, simply a pointless massacre.

But to pit one's wits against a powerful shark (cowardly, yes, but treacherous and watching for a sign of fear or weakness); to join battle with a giant manta ray weighing tons and "flying" through the water like some full-scale delta-wing bomber—why, that, I think, is sport.

But best of all I like to dive with my special water-light, one or still cameras, to bring back to the surface not just some mangled, lifeless body but a permanent film poem of movement and loveliness.

Before setting out on an underwater expedition, it is essential to undergo months of training.

Four of us train together in Paris, devoting as much time as we can spare from our occupations—I from my own work in the car industry and my comrades from theirs in dentistry, in machine-tooling and in plumbing.

Several times a week we go to an indoor swimming bath, remaining longer and longer under water each day. And then, at last, we spend a day or two in an open-air pool where it is possible to descend, gradually, to greater depths, thus accustoming our ear drums to the pressure.

For our expeditions we wear face masks, short breathing tubes (or snorkels), ordinary swimming trunks; and on our feet long rubber flippers, shaped like fish-tails, to give us greater speed and power in movement. About our waists we carry belts to which are fastened sheath knives and small lead weights to help keep us down in the depths.

If we are without cameras we may carry in our hands a harpoon spring gun or a spear for protection.

The breathing tube, of course, is of use only to enable us to

HIDDEN MYSTERIES OF THE UNDERSEA JUNGLE

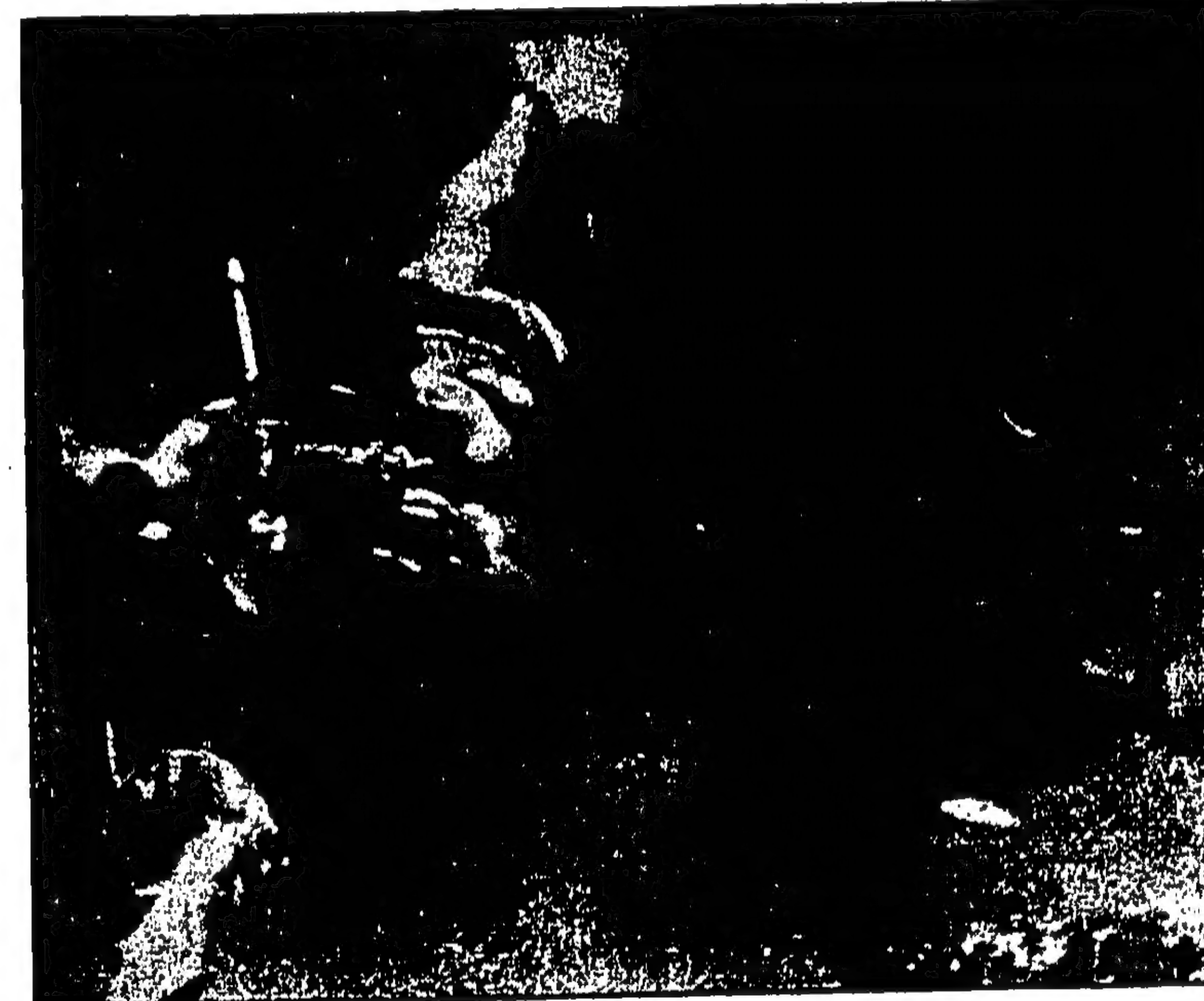
By **JEAN FOUCHER CRETEAU**

"Sharks are cowards. If I had known this at the time I would never have experienced the terror of grappling with one of these monsters of the sea; I would never have suffered the agony of feeling its cruel fangs crunching into my thigh and the great jaws holding me in a vice-like grip far below the surface, almost drowning me—so it seemed—in the blood that gushed from my wound."

So begins one of the great real-life adventure stories which has been written by **JEAN FOUCHER CRETEAU**, 39-year-old French businessman, whose underwater colour film won a first-prize at the 1953 Cannes Film Festival, and who likes nothing better than photographing and playing with the most terrible monsters of the deep!

He describes how he was trapped by an underwater serpent in the ghostly hulk of a sunken prison ship; how he wrestled, barehanded, with a shark which gripped his thigh as in a vice; the terrible dementia of a youth whose sense of balance and direction were destroyed by an underwater explosion of his ear drums.

He tells of a diver who was carried to his death on the sea-bed with lead weights around his waist; he takes you with him on a dive of discovery through an underwater jungle of sharks; he writes of blood-chilling encounters with those tigers of the sea, the barracudas; with giant manta rays which glide towards him like bomber planes; with some of the ugliest monsters of the ocean. He tells of the perils, and the rewards, of the pearl divers.



As if suspended in mid-air this diver looms eerily among multi-coloured fish. The object in his hands is a special underwater camera.

He face down on the surface, or a few inches below it, taking air freely while remaining in a position to see clearly what is going on down below or to get ready for another plunge.

A great maxim of the underwater explorer is never to dive alone. One good reason for this is that it is advisable to have a rear guard who can give warning of any dangers that may be lurking behind. A companion is also an insurance against a diver being trapped by some sea beast or plant; losing consciousness for some reason; or losing himself in the dreaded dementia that follows an explosion of the ear drums caused by water pressure.

One of my three diving companions is alive today only because the rest of us were in the sea with him when the unexpected happened.

He had harpooned a big shark which, fighting frantically to the death in the way of its kind, somehow wrapped the harpoon cord round the driver, completely trapping him.

We saw the danger at once. At any moment the shark might plunge to the depths, dragging our friend to a level at which his lungs and ears would burst and the life would be crushed out of him by water pressure. Just in time we drew out sheath-knives and cut him free.

In my early underwater exploring days, I nearly lost my life in the Mediterranean through ignoring the golden rule of never diving alone.

Not only was I by myself but I had no knife. I took with me only my harpoon gun with its nylon rope. After I had fired the gun one end of the rope

became jammed beneath a rock and, unable to hold my breath any longer, I had to strike out for the surface.

I did not notice that the other end of the rope had become entangled in my belt and, when I was no more than a foot or so from the life-giving air above, I was halted with a violent jerk as the line drew tight.

Panic-stricken I fought to free the rope around my waist, but in my haste I drew the tangled knot tighter. My ears sang, my head swam and my lungs seemed likely to burst as I lashed out writhing and twisting and turning.

I could feel my hands, sometimes my legs, protruding into the free air so near to me—and yet so impossibly far away. But my face remained just be-

low the surface, no matter how I turned, how I fought. I gulped water into my lungs. I felt life slipping away from me, mercifully, the rope gave—just a little. Then again. With a supreme effort I managed to get my face out of the water for an instant, gasping a breath of air. Once more. And then I was dragged down again.

But those whiffs of oxygen gave me the few seconds I needed. Now I managed to free myself from the tangle and float to the surface, where I lay on my back, shivering and sobbing.

I had learned my lesson—two lessons, in fact. For it is foolish to dive without a knife as it is to dive without a companion.

The bells we wear are essential because without the lead weights of eight or ten pounds which they contain, valuable energy would have to be expended in the struggle to remain at depths of 20 ft. or more and to prevent oneself drifting naturally to the surface.

Yes the bells and their weights can be a menace in themselves.

Last August one friend of mine carried a little too much weight with him on a dive and was knocked unconscious when he struck his head below the water. The weights kept him down. And on the sea-bed he died.

I wrote just now of another danger—the dementia caused by an explosion of the ear drums. That is an accident greatly feared by underwater explorers. It can happen even in water as shallow as 10 or 12 feet—so be warned. Only long and careful training seems to make the ears capable of withstanding water pressures.

I shall never forget the dreadful picture of a youth whose ear drums exploded when he was 18 feet down.

I am told by those who have survived the experience that the explosion seems like that of a black-buster going off in your head. And this boy, indeed, reacted as if his mind had been shattered. He writhed and reeled about down there in the depths, looking for all the world like some fighting white fish on the end of a line—except that there was no line.

With his vision blurred and his sense of balance destroyed he did not know where he was or what he was doing. He plunged deeper still, thinking perhaps that he was striking for the surface. He swam in circles upside down, backwards, sideways. His little body went in to almost unbelievable contortions.

It was a terrible spectacle and a terrible fight to bring him up. Yet he lived. The ear drums healed. And happily he is diving again today.

But these things are misfortunes—the kind of accident which can occur in any sport. I have written of them here only so that you will have a true appreciation of all the difficulties, all the hazards when you come to read the tales I shall tell in future instalments of my story.

I shall tell of adventures beneath the Atlantic, Mediterranean and Red Sea; of encounters with sharks, barracudas (those tigers of the sea), giant manta rays and the ugliest monsters of the oceans; of plunges with the pearl divers; and of being trapped by a huge underwater serpent in the ghostly hulk of a sunken prison-ship.

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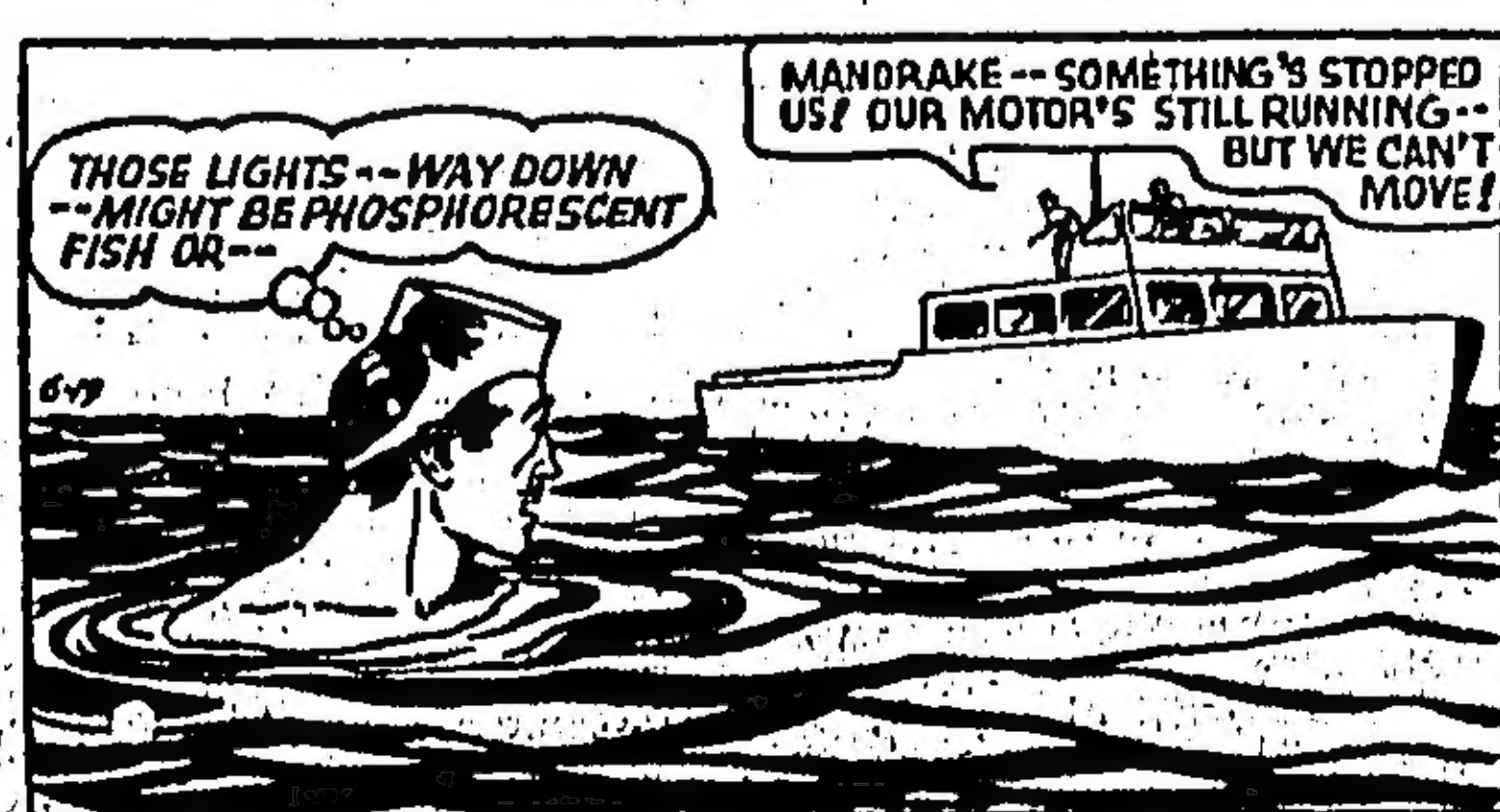
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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



NO APPARENT MOTIVE FOR WHAT THEY DO

FEW crimes in the enormous category of human experience escape Interpol's notice. And some of them are strange, inexplicable, committed without apparent motive. Others reveal queer kinks in the mind of the wrongdoer—like the amazing case of the German fire chief who secretly started blazes for his own brigade to extinguish!

There are, too, extraordinary examples of suicide, mostly committed by women whose minds have become deranged by the sufferings of difficult childbirth, or the throes of ungovernable passion or depression.

But let's be business. Here, presented with their actual background, is my own selection of strange crimes.

A young Indian prince, of good character, though strongly romantic by nature, visited a not very highly esteemed quarter in the Bombay district of Calcutta. There he met a dancing girl, living in the neighbourhood, and fell crazily in love with her. "She is marvellously beautiful. I want to marry her," he told his relatives. And to the girl's—and her family's—delight, he did so.

Slick-Fingered Robbery

At their marriage, celebrated with all princely formalities—a sumptuous ceremony—he gave her, as his wedding gift, a richly jewelled casket containing a glittering array of diamonds. Overjoyed, she refused to let the precious gift be tucked away in a

The FULL, authentic inside story of INTERPOL, the organization which fights international crime all over the world, which has been the means of bringing thousands of criminals to justice. Written with the full co-operation of the staff of INTERPOL

safe, but insisted on taking it to bed with her. He allowed her to gratify this whim and they slept with the casket of diamonds secure beneath their piles of costly, scented pillows.

Next morning, when they awoke, the girl felt at once for her sparkling jewels. Discovering nothing, she flung away the pillows. "It's not there," she cried. "You played a joke on me while I slept!" "Impossible," said the young husband. "No body can have taken it. You must have hidden it somewhere." She denied having done so, and they reported their loss to the police.

The Calcutta detective service knew that the whole city held but a single cat-burglar agile enough, slick-fingered and daring enough, to rob a bridal bed of its treasure. It was the sort of burglary that would appeal to his fancy as much as to his greed. Could he have done it?

Through informers, always willing to impart valuable information at a price, the police learned of and visited his hideout. But

they discovered no traces of any crime. The chief inspector was not satisfied. "I want the man brought to me," he said. And the suspect was fetched.

Loudly he protested his innocence of any robbery linking him with the missing casket. While he spoke, the officer's attention became fixed on a large golden-looking amulet dangling on his right elbow. "What's that?" he asked suddenly, stretching out a hand.

The Indian drew away from him. "Non-believer's touch defile Holy Book" he hissed angrily. Then, more composedly, he explained that his amulet was packed with leaves from a sacred book, and not to be touched, at any price, by a white man.

Called Thief's Bluff

But the police officer felt now on sure ground. He snatched at and grabbed the amulet, and in a trice had unplugged its wicker stopper. When he turned it upside down he shook out, not some holy parchments, but a stream of diamonds—the stolen property.

You may think it a more notable feat in burglary to steal a live lioness. When this happened in Paris, three years ago, it was no mystery act. At least eighteen circus hands collaborated in the theft. Through their efforts, they pinched a lioness from a circus cage. The beast had been exchanged earlier on for two other animals by their circus proprietor. But, not caring for the swap after a few weeks, he felt himself entitled to revoke the contract.



"The jewels aren't there!" she cried

The lioness's new owner protested. A deal was a deal, and you had to stand by it. So, feeling a little sore at the exchange's out- come, the former owner took the law into his own hands and, with elaborate care, organised the successful kidnapping of the lioness.

Of crimes without motive, the most startling, a case of suicide by proxy, occurred at the Theatre des Celestins at Lyons. A respectfully dressed, middle-aged man, having bought a ticket for the performance, settled down in his seat in the stalls. Then, dramatically, without anything in the play provoking his act, he whipped out a knife and plunged it into the breast of the woman beside him—an absolute stranger to him. Her husband sat on the other side of her. As she slumped forward, dying, her killer did not move, but simply sat still waiting for the police to arrest him.

The mystery was deepened when inquiry revealed him to be a man of blundering regard, father of a family, happily married, respected in his profession, known for his kindness to children. Everyone living in his neighbourhood spoke of him as a God-fearing, thoroughly sane and sensible citizen, incapable of any mean act.

Not until he had been sentenced to death did he make

confession—perhaps the most astonishing aspect of the case.

"I did not want to commit a sin," he said, "but lately I have suffered from impure desires and I was afraid of myself. I dreamed any thought of committing suicide. For suicide is, to my mind, a most evil sin. Therefore, I became determined to commit a capital crime. And, thereafter, with time to repent before my execution, I knew that I should go to heaven immaculate."

So we come to the shoemaker-freeman pyromaniac, a German fire chief, well regarded in his village in Upper Franconia. During the war, and afterwards, he had charge of the village fire brigade. And yet, when charged with fire-raising he confessed that between 1943 and 1950 he had started six fires in the neighbourhood, all of which his brigade fought, himself working as hard as anyone to put out the flames. He ignited buildings by use of glue dissolved in a certain chemical.

Why did he abuse his trust so outrageously? He admitted to an anxiety complex. And such was the mood of alarm or apprehension engendered in him, that he could only mollify it or recover from it by starting a fire! Then, as the flames roared, and he became pre-

occupied with conquering them, he felt happy again.

Of suicides, perhaps the strangest of modern times, if not of all time, was that of a seventy-year-old Canadian spinster. In 1944, she hammered a four-inch spike into her head. And, as if this feat was not incredible enough, she remained conscious for three days afterwards. In fact, she was so perfectly self-possessed that she walked, ate, slept and then took a truck, which jolted her fifteen miles to the nearest hospital. And, so far as could be discovered, she hardly felt a twinge of pain!

Medical Men Aroused

No anaesthetic was used on her while the nail was extracted. Nor did she collapse immediately, though she died within three days.

This woman's dumbfounding death, however, aroused tremendous interest in medical circles. Distinguished brain surgeons, studying her case and the nail's fatal course, demonstrated exactly how such a self-inflicted wound could be carried out without causing paralysis or proving instantly fatal.

Next Week: Plane Shadowed Pigeon to Blackmailer's Lair

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MILTON SHULMAN'S VERDICT ON THE YEAR BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

FLASHES, YES—BUT NO EXPLOSIONS

NO one is likely to recall 1954 as a golden era in the English theatre. It may well be remembered as a most forgettable year. Sifting through my memories, I am impressed chiefly by the sheer volume of hours I have spent in the theatre and the relatively few moments of distinction they bring back to me.

Although I have seen about 125 plays, I can discover no trend, no dynamic, no genius, to prevent this annual summing-up from sounding like a budget for a funeral.

Of course, there have been some good plays and some exceptional performances. But these have merely isolated flashes fading almost as quickly as they came, rather than brilliant explosions leaving a significant glow behind.

Established playwrights have had a particularly thin time. There have been no new plays by T. S. Eliot, Evelyn Williams, Peter Ustinov or Ben Eyre. And among those shipwrecked on the rocks of critical opinion were J. B. Priestley, Noel Coward, Roger MacDougall, Chérelme Storde, Dodo Smith and Charles Morgan. Even Christopher Fry's impressive "The Dick Is Light Enough" failed to achieve more than divided praise and small houses.

But the Golden Boy of the West End, Terence Rattigan, the year was the absence of

proved once more that he still has that money-spinning skill the inland Revenue loves to touch. His "Separate Tables" showed what craftsmanship and a serious approach can do with sex even in so unlikely a place as a genteel hotel in Bournemouth.

Perhaps the most heartening sign of the year was the number of new plays by unknown authors that managements were prepared to put on.

Unfortunately their courage drained away when it came to producing anything more demanding than a farce, a thriller or a domestic comedy. Most of these aspired only to competence, and few of them got there. The one exception was "Murder Story" by Ludovic Kennedy, who ruthlessly twisted his audience on an emotional rack to establish his indictment of capital punishment.

If, however, British playwrights were unable to find inspiration in anything more important than television and income tax, the Americans went at life with a bulldozer.

"The Big Knife" was so angry at Hollywood it was almost a lynching party; "The Wooden Dish" was movingly concerned about old age; "Teahouse of the August Moon" was a delicious satire on the American Army and American democracy; "The Matchmaker" bubbled with ideas, silly and sane; "I Am a Camera" examined the crude fears and fancies of a suburban girl pretending to be a decadent mondaine; "The Immortal" dared to discuss homosexuality. A singularly barren feature of the year was the absence of

almost all of our most important actors from new productions. Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson were immured in the long-running "A Day by the Sea" which had begun the year before. Sir Laurence Olivier, Michael Redgrave, and Richard Burton were busy filming. Only Alex Guinness ventured into something new, and then it was only for a limited run as the cold, compelling cardinal in Biddie Boland's gripping play, "The Prisoner."

The best actor's performance of the year came from Eric Portman, as the bogus, broken major in "Separate Tables." And, of course, there was Robert

Morley beating his one-man band in "Hippo Dancing" and A. E. Matthews making anyone under 80 look very aged, indeed, in "The Manor of Northstead."

The most exciting performances, however, came from actresses. Peggy Ashcroft was chillingly malevolent in "Hedda Gabler"; Yvonne Mitchell was tensely pathetic in "The Immoralist"; Dorothy Tutin slunk bewitchingly through "I Am a Camera"; Margaret Leighton suffered superbly in "Separate Tables."

But my accolade of the year must go to Siobhan McKenna for her compelling interpretation of Shaw's Joan of Arc. And just to show how difficult the role could be there was Ingrid Bergman giving her version of the Maid of Orleans in "Joan at the Stake" and proving that merely looking worried was not enough to conquer the English.

The year, too, turned up with two fresh names destined for much bigger things. Mary Ure suddenly found herself in all the headlines after her appearance in "Time Remembered." And Diane Cilento has the kind of burling personality that should make her the most promising actress of the next few years.

The English musical came into its own in 1954 but largely because of xenophobia rather than talent. The town converged on "Salad Days" and "Wedding in Paris," leaving this particular critic in a helpless and baffled minority. The Americans offered little opposition with "Pal Joey" and "Can-Can." But there was always the Crazy Gang—and, probably there always will be.

My Medals

Best serious play—Separate Tables;

Best Comedy—Teahouse of the August Moon;

Best actor—Eric Portman in Separate Tables;

Best actress—Siobhan McKenna in Joan of Arc;

Most disappointing evening—Ingrid Bergman in Joan at the Stake;

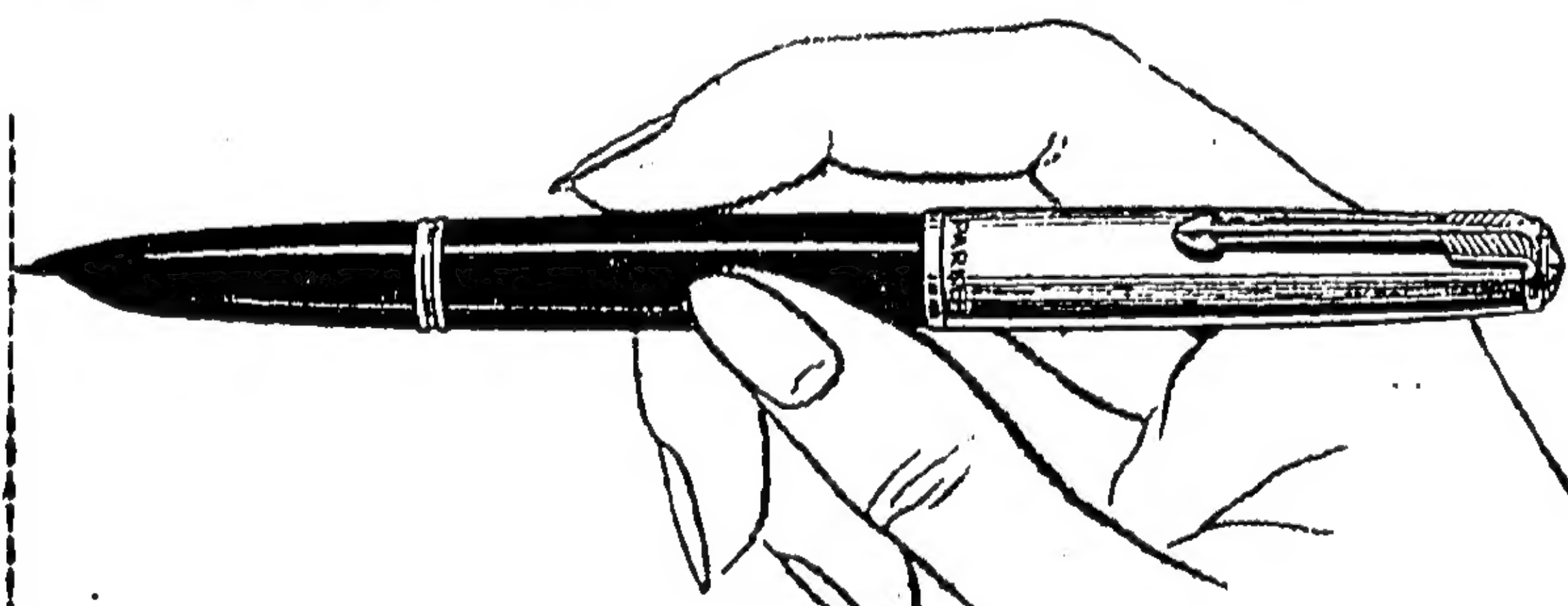
Most promising prospect—Diane Cilento;

Most difficult to sit through—Relations Are Best Apart;

Most baffling success—Salad Days;

Most nostalgic success—Wedding in Paris.

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TONY MOTTA discovers A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM ...and it costs just \$11

A DODDERING old woman, supported by two girls whose combined ages barely reached a quarter of the ancient's years, stumbled into the shop and from the inner recesses of her shabby coat produced eleven dollars.

This, a sum which on considering her far from prosperous appearance must have been a good portion of her fortune, she readily extended to one of the shop-keepers.

Now what could the ancient be wanting so urgently in a dingy shop which, oddly enough, was bare except for a number of piled up crates and a few bottles lining dusty shelves?

Curiosity prompted her to enter the shop at 22 So Hong Street and find the lady waiting patiently as a foki put his hand into a crate and pulled out a hissing COBRA!

He lifted the lids off two other crates and soon had three writhing reptiles in his grasp. The other two turned out to be a Banded Kite and a Ratsnake.

The foki, who was wielding what looked like a miniature "kokri," slit the sides of the reptiles and pulled out their galls. These he rinsed with Chinese wine and slit open in turn to fill a small bowl with a thick multi-colored liquid.

Hues of green, red and purple mingled in the "witches' brew," and topping it off with a dash of wine the foki handed over the bowl.

This little demonstration, which concluded with the woman downing the concoction, is China's answer to rheumatism!

Yes, for centuries now the Chinese have averted "a touch of the screws" by taking a set of snake galls

The latter is composed of a set of snakes—skinned and disembowelled—mixed with chicken and boiled for four to six hours with a wealth of spices. This dish is served by many Chinese restaurants. At \$25 for three to four servings it is outside the range of a good many sufferers. Hence the alcoholic brew!

Back to the shop. This is run by "Snake King Lam" and is a secondary snake distributing centre in the Colony. During the winter months, when rheumatism is an approaching "touch of the screws," as many as 100 snakes are sold monthly.

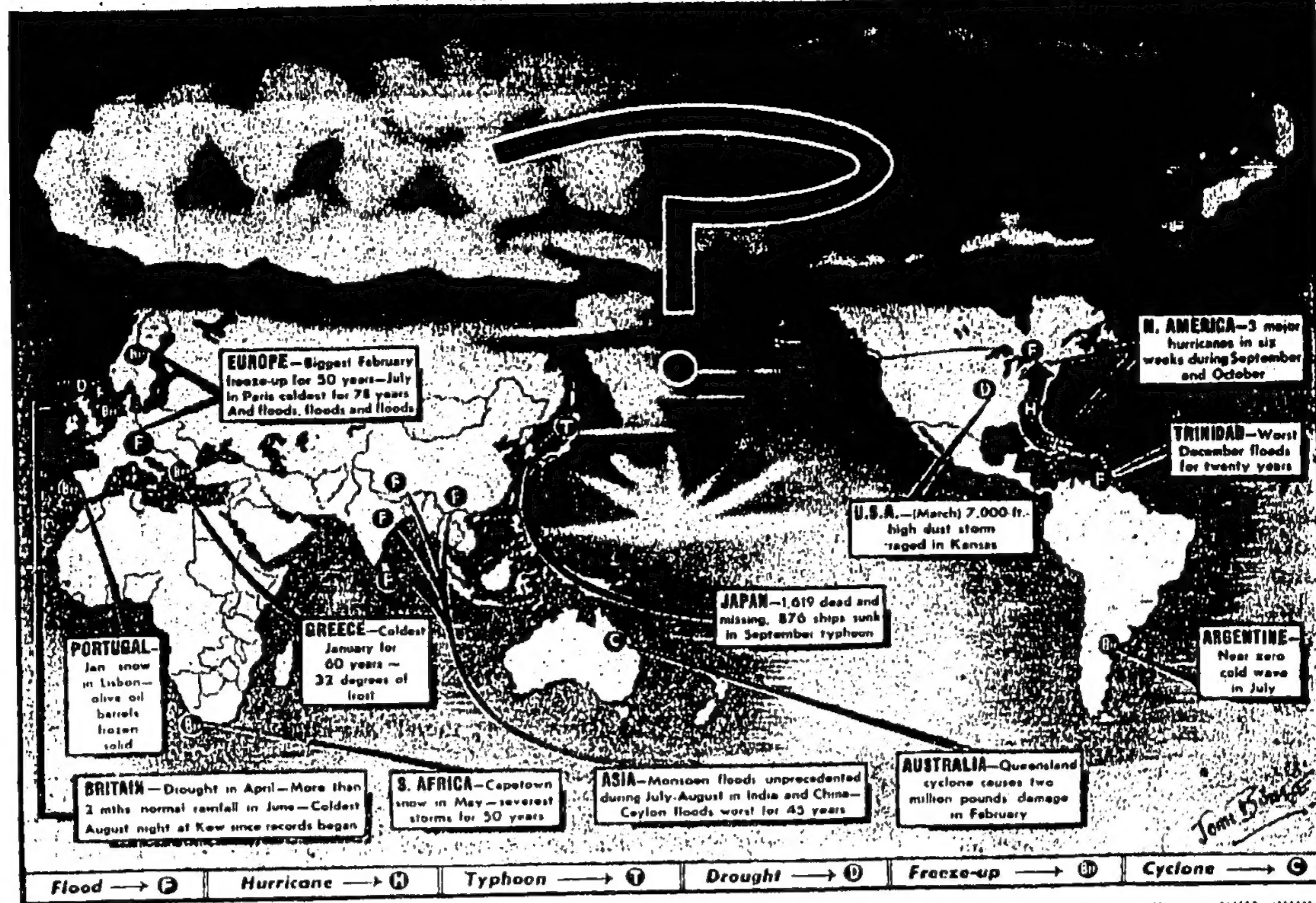
The reptiles, all poisonous, have their venom removed on capture, and without the galls fetch only \$1 a piece.

They are found in Kwangsi Province and Wuchow, and are distributed by Canton dealers. Macao also imports the snakes, but in very much smaller quantities than Hongkong.

Rheumatism has taken a terrible toll in countries all over the world. Britain itself has over three million sufferers. And yet, despite the efforts of the biggest medical brains, no 100 percent proof remedy has been found.

Chinese medicine has been scoffed at by many, but have disbelievers ever thought that while self-professed European medicines were still bleeding their patients to death the Chinese had been experimenting successfully with herbs for centuries?

While Hongkong's cold spell is wreaking havoc with aching bones, rheumatism might be tempted "to do as the Romans do" if they are not allergic to snakes.



IT'S TIME TO STOP THIS SECRECY

UNEXPECTED advances have brought atom power for industry so much nearer that a special report urging drastic revision of Britain's power plans is being drawn up for the Cabinet by the Atomic Energy Authority.

It will be submitted early in the New Year, in time for Chancellor R. A. Butler to include its recommendations in his Budget thinking. The report will make four confident forecasts:

1. **BRITAIN** should have several different kinds of experimental atom power stations built and pumping electricity into the Grid within seven years at the latest.

2. **ATOMIC** power plants are so safe that they can be built in towns if necessary. The cost of carrying out the extreme health precautions needed for them should be substantially cheaper than that derived from coal.

3. **THE** electricity derived from atom should be substantially cheaper than that derived from coal.

4. **Even** in the earliest plants one ton of ordinary uranium costing about £10,000 may yield as much electricity as 70,000 tons of coal costing £220,000.

The exciting advances which have so suddenly improved Britain's atomic prospects have been made by scientists of the

Harwell research station led by Sir John Cockcroft and by engineers headed by Sir Christopher Hinton.

The many atomic workers I have talked to—engineers from the power-station sites, scientists from the laboratories, top-level administrators—are tackling the formidable problems of atomic power with an almost unswerving spirit.

More Speed

BUT the rate at which they are ahead is governed by a factor outside their control—the Treasury's decision of how much can be spent each year on atom work.

The taxpayers' money must be carefully spent, but I was disturbed to learn that Harwell experiments, vital to the power project, were held up for several months while Treasury officials decided whether a further £1,000,000 could be afforded.

Britain is extremely well placed by circumstance to profit from the atom, but our project should have gone ahead much faster.

The recent reorganisation which took atomic energy away from a Civil Service Ministry and put the atom experts themselves in charge of it has done much to take off the brake. But far more money must be invested if we are to make the most of atomic power at home and compete with America for atomic export markets.

Mr Gordon Dean, the former chief of the U.S. atom project, believes that American firms are capable of building and selling scores of portable atom power plants to fuel short countries within two years.

The first of these packaged power plants, which can be pre-fabricated, carried in aeroplanes,

IN THE ATOM SHIELD THERE'S PEACE...

THE new coat of arms of the Atomic Energy Authority shows a heraldic emblem chained to the earth representing the force of the atom under control. The stars have 92 points symbolising uranium, which is No. "92" in the list of chemical elements.

The inverted triangle on the shield is a heraldic symbol called a "pile," which is also a name for a uranium power furnace. The pile is a symbol of co-operation, a sign signifies the power of the atom. The atom will provide the top of the shield.



and erected almost anywhere, is already being built.

Thanks to the spur of the U.S. refusal to give us atomic secrets, Britain is now self-sufficient in the atom business. But the Americans have the advantage of more money, more man-power, and much wider industrial experience of atomic work.

The shortage of atomic skill and experience in industrial firms is likely to be a most dangerous weakness in our bid for atomic leadership, in my view.

The full significance and the nearness of the coming age of atomic power seem to have struck home in surprisingly few British firms.

A comic success, while a storm excessive now that Russia has the H-bomb, is past, to blame. This is bad for science and bad for industry. The restriction of knowledge to few minds may result in a dangerous inbreeding of ideas and eventual sterility.

The scientists are convinced that the locked laboratory doors are now shutting out more than they are keeping in.

Britain's atomic age is the unrivalled quality of her scientists. I believe we cannot encourage them too much or invest in them too heavily at this stage when the field is so ripe for rapid development.

Two-faced

THEIR achievements are impressive, but his orians will rule them crude, for far greater marvels await investigation. There is a fair chance that even the hydrogen bomb reaction can be tamed for industrial use. If so, the hydrogen which could be released from one glass of water would yield the power of 600 tons of coal.

It is an old twist of human fortune that the force which threatens most danger should also hold out most hope. Yet it is because the atom is two-faced that I believe the dilemma of riches or ruin will be sanely resolved.

Surely the more effort the nations put into winning atomic power for peaceful purposes, the less will be the likelihood that they will ever squander it in war.

QUOTE

PIERRE - LOUIS GUERIN, proprietor of the Lido cabaret: "I had to find my chorus girls in England because you can't find French girls who can dance. The nudes are French, they don't have to do any dancing. As a matter of fact they can't even walk in time to the music."

"The best looking ones are the dumbest. It takes me more time to get them into line than to rehearse an entire dance number."

DOCTORS WANTED

JUDICIAL NOTE: The French police have run out of medical experts to testify against Marie Besnard, arrested five years ago, charged with the murders by arsenic poisoning of 13 members of her family.

In 1932 her first trial was stopped owing to disaffection over the evidence of the prosecution's medical witnesses. A second trial was annulled for the same reason.

He finds one great disadvantage in his job. By law he is obliged to occupy the official flat at Police Headquarters. This is a chandelier-lit Victorian manor.

Says M. Dubois: "I often get home, take one horrified look around and decide there is nothing for it but to turn out the lights and go to bed."

SINGERS' SCALE

THE most popular music-hall performers in Paris for 1954 were all singers. Here they are in order of popularity: Yves Montand, Maurice Chevalier, Tino Rossi, Edith Piaf and Charles Trenet.

FINANCIAL NOTE: The French Treasury issued just before Christmas a 100 franc coin (2s.), which looked like a one franc piece and "felt" like a 20 franc piece. No fools, the French. After a few days of confusion the new coin has virtually disappeared from circulation.

COIN VANISHES

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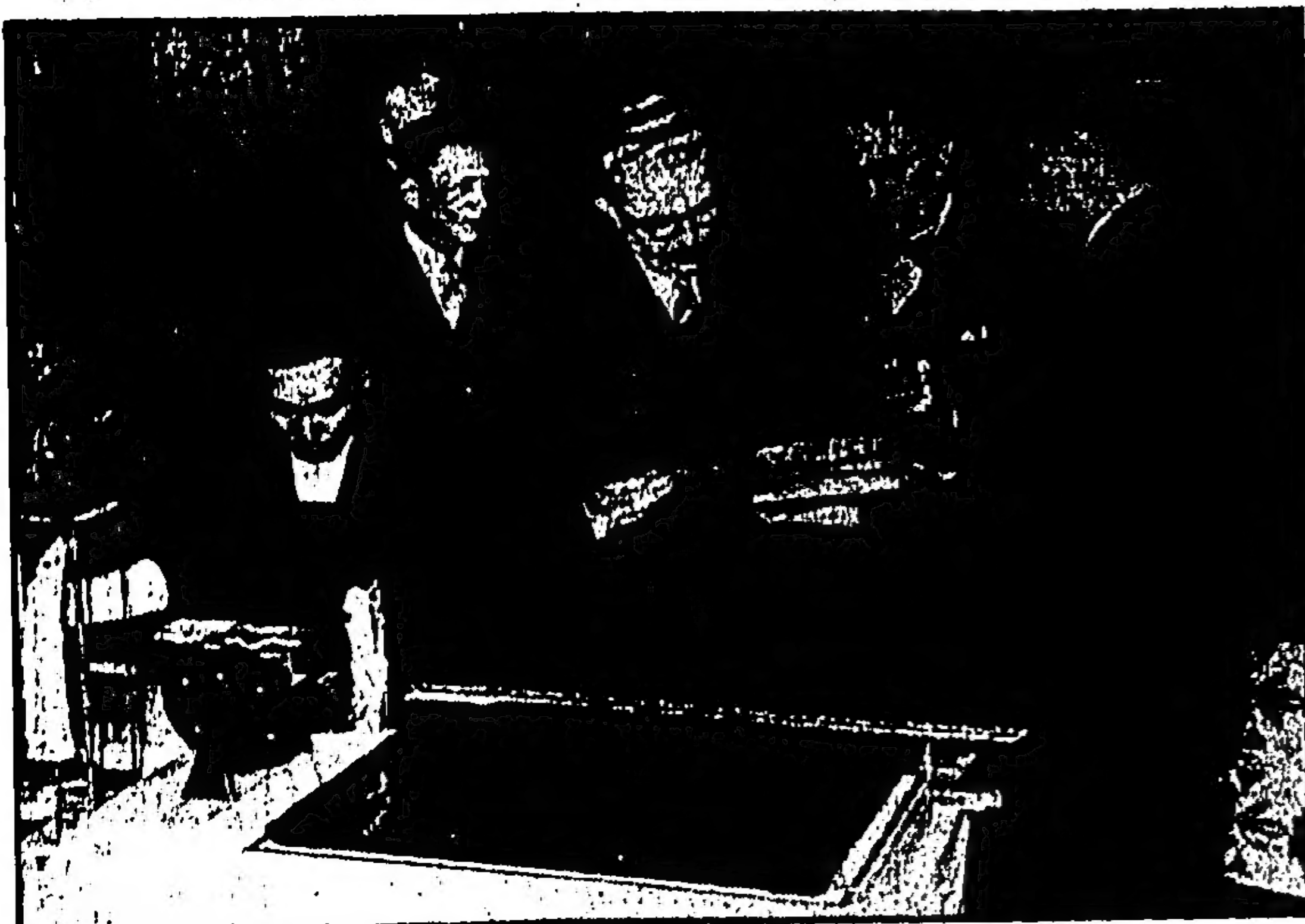
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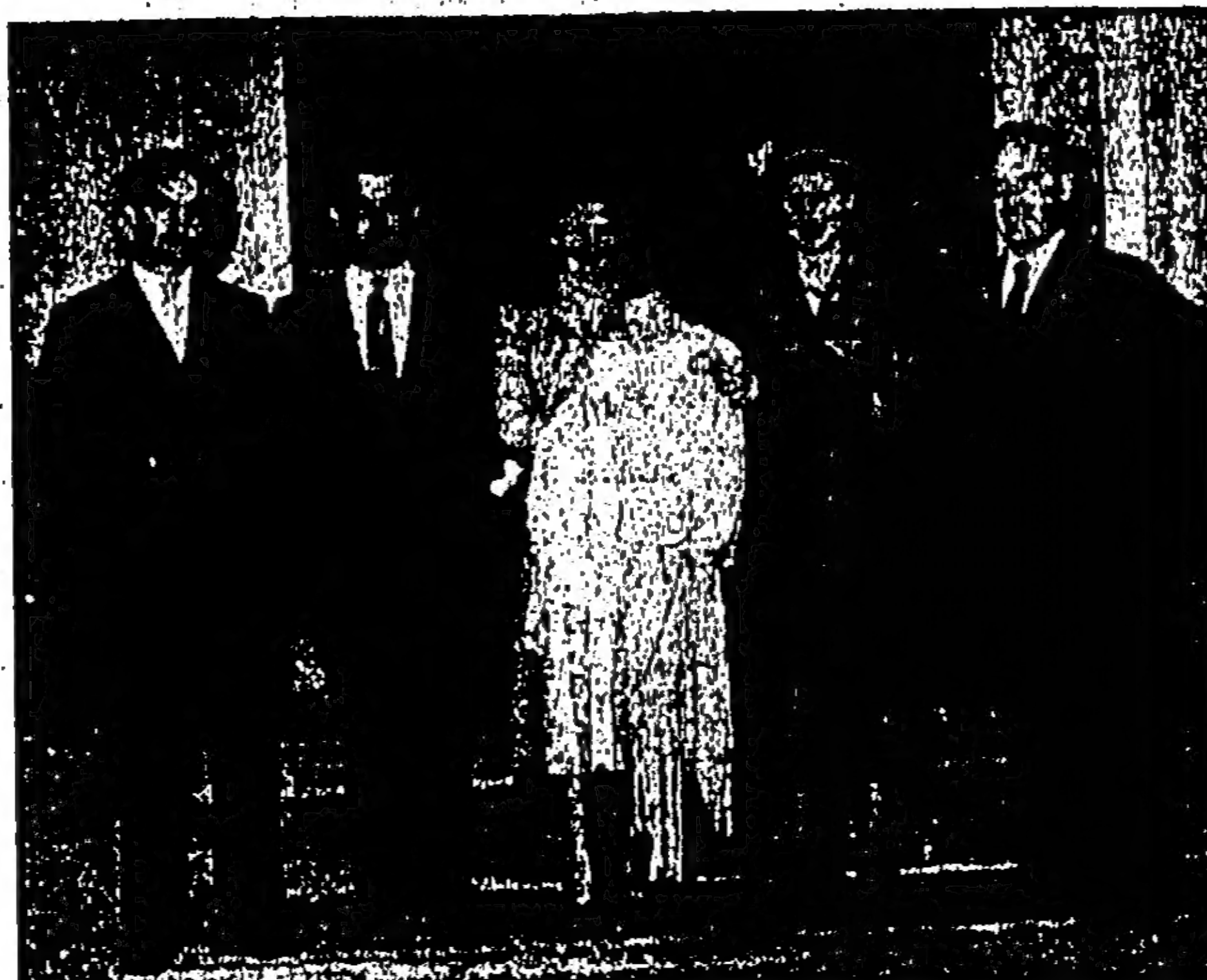
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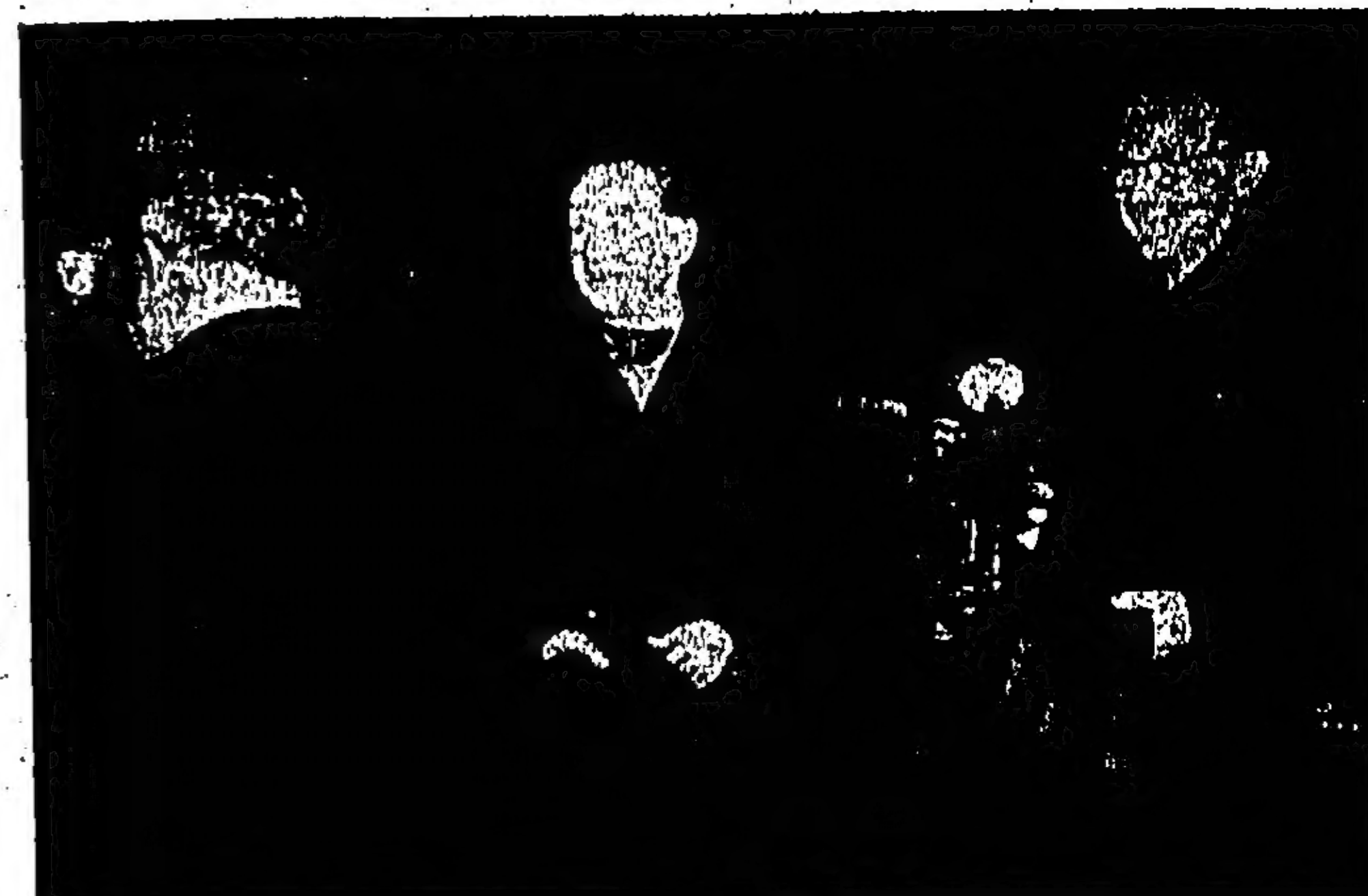
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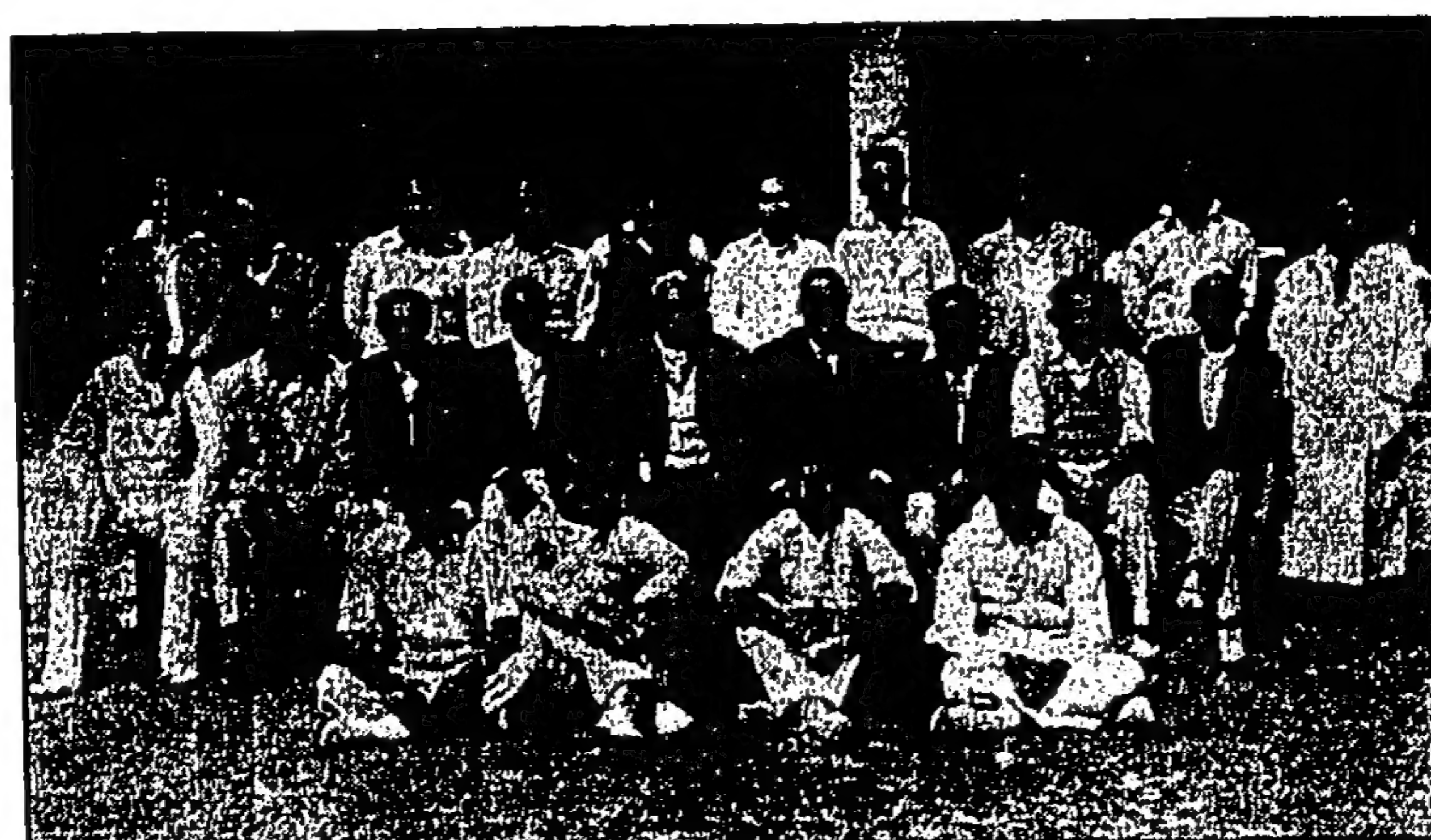
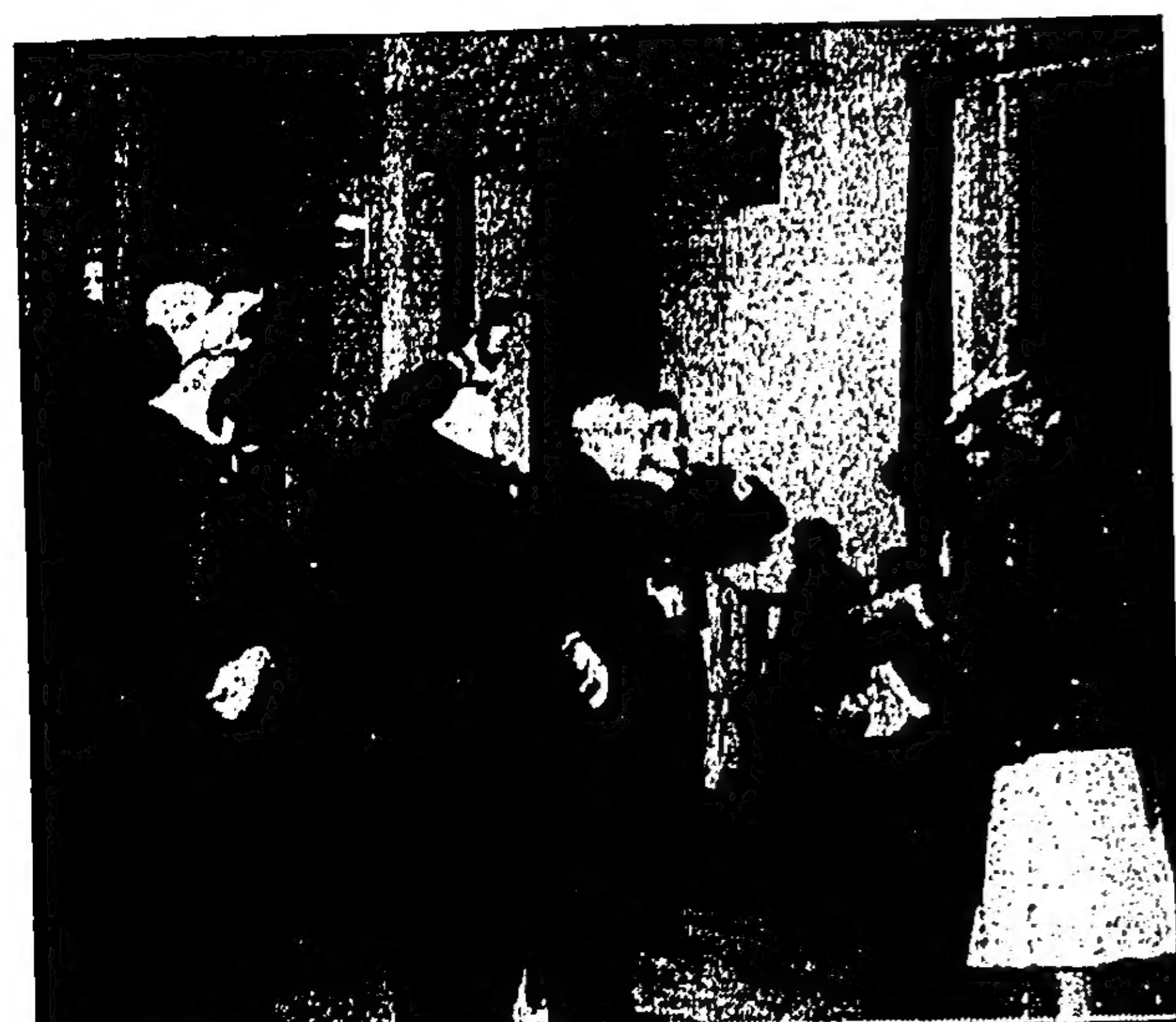
THE Hon. C. E. Terry (second from right) looks at some of the gifts presented to him by the staff of the Hongkong and Kowloon Wharf and Godown Co., Ltd. at a dinner party held at the Kam Ling Restaurant last Saturday. Mr Terry retired as General Manager of the company at the beginning of the year. (Staff Photographer)



AT the christening of Mr and Mrs P. A. L. Vio's son, Stephen, at St John's Cathedral recently. With the child and parents are the godparents, Mrs J. C. Stewart, Mr D. A. L. Wright and Mr P. J. Griffiths. (Ming Yuen)



THE arrival from Peking of the United Nations Secretary-General, Mr Dag Hammarskjöld, on Tuesday after his "free the airman" talks with Mr Chou En-lai. Mr Hammarskjöld (centre figure in top picture) is seen with the Swedish Consul, Mr. Torsten Brandel (right). In lower picture, he is talking to pressmen. (Staff Photographer)



THE Indian Recreation Club President's XI and the Parsee XI who met in a friendly game last Sunday. The Parsee team won a comfortable six-wicket victory. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr C. H. Yuen receiving from Mrs H. A. Angus the silver cup for the best stall display at the Chinese Manufacturers' Union's 12th exhibition of Hongkong products. (Staff Photographer)



U.S. NAVY Night at the Missions to Seamen. The sailors who didn't do any dancing were "punished" by having each to quaff a bottle of beer hurriedly, eat several biscuits immediately after, and then blow up balloons. Everybody had a lot of fun. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The official table at the dinner of the Army Referees' Association. Reading from left: Mrs C. S. Wang, Major C. D. Elrick, Mr C. S. Wang, Major A.S.A. Walker, Colonel J. A. Dawson, Mrs C. Walpole, Mr L. G. Young, Mrs A. S. A. Walker and Mr K. K. Ip. (Staff Photographer)

PICTURE taken at the New Year party held at St Andrew's Church Vicarage for members of the Choir. Mr B. C. Randall, Organist and Choirmaster, is seated left. In centre is the Vicar, the Rev. J. H. Ogilvie. (Staff Photographer)

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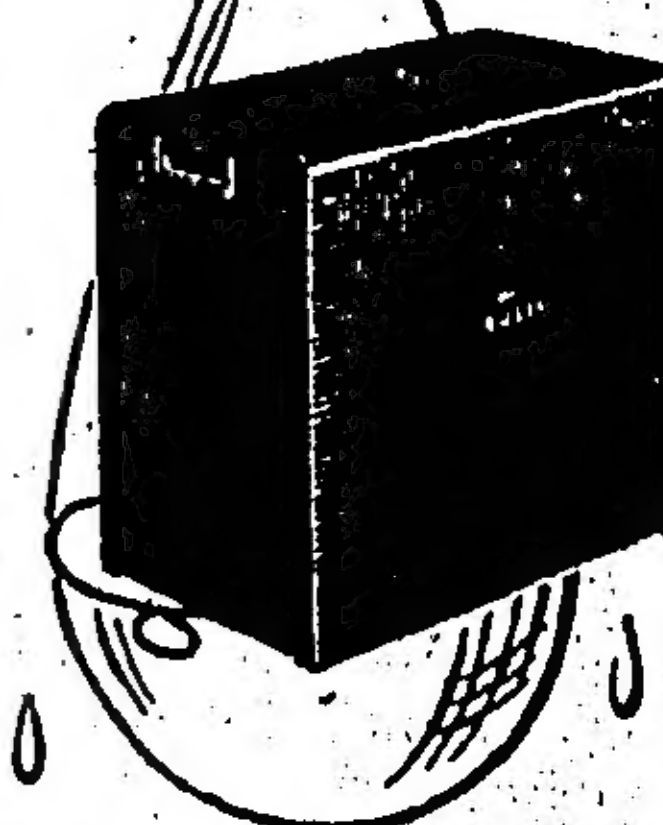
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NUMBER TWO contingent of the Special Constabulary, with the Governor's Shield awarded to them for smartness at the recent annual Police Review. (Staff Photographer)

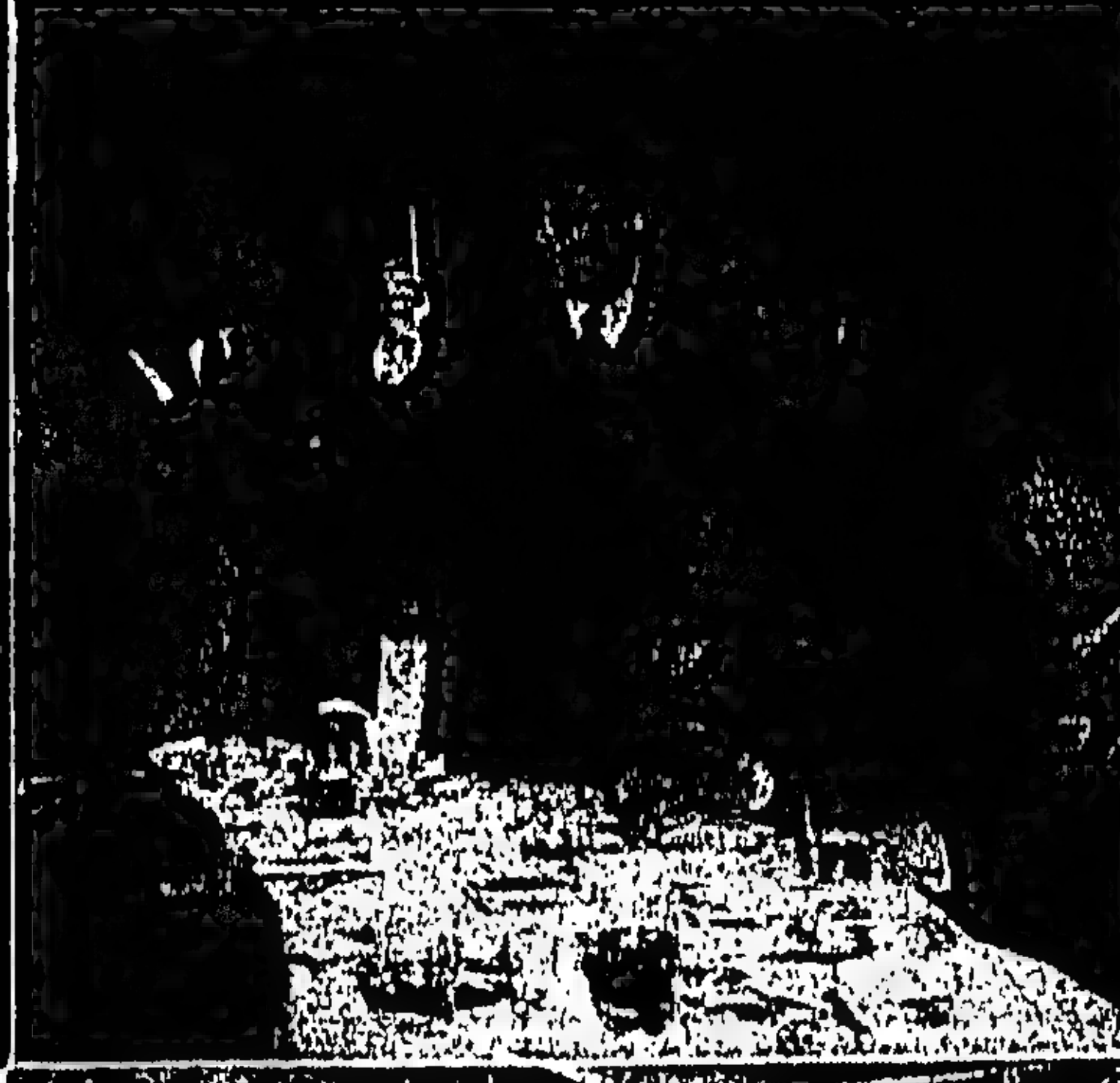
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THE annual dinner of the Little Flower Club. From left: The Very Rev. Fr A. Riganti, Fr R. W. Gallagher, Br J. Radice, Mrs J. Canning, Mr J. Canning, Major J. Condon, Mr H. Barretto, Fr L. Bolit, Fr J. Pittavino, Miss A. Cordeiro and Mrs F. Noronha, President of the Club. (Staff Photographer)

HONGKONG has in the past week been entertaining a number of distinguished visitors from more than 20 countries—delegates to the first conference of the Committee on Trade of the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East. It was the first high-level international meeting to be held here. This panel of pictures shows some of the delegates' activities outside the conference hall. Above, from left, and down on right: At the Government House reception, a delegate shakes hands with His Excellency the Governor; a visit to a spinning mill; the Russian delegates see a bakery; at the dinner given by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce; a visit to the exhibition of Hongkong products; at the Hongkong General Chamber of Commerce cocktail party. (Staff Photographer)



AT the tea party given jointly by the Philippine delegations to the ECAFE conference and the Hongkong products fair for their local hosts: Left to right: Mrs Lim, Dr P. S. Lokanathan, Mrs Yango, Mr Perfecto Lagua, Mr Hui Ngok, Dr Manuel Lim, Mrs Lagua, Mr Alejandro Yango and Mr Pedro Ocampo. (Staff Photographer)



ON board the President Cleveland on Wednesday evening to bid farewell to Mr Julian F. Harrington (right), former U.S. Consul-General, are Mr H. Dittman and Dr G. Rolli, German and Italian Consuls-General. (Staff Photographer)



THE Aces Concert party, which has been giving shows for the Services regularly. Picture was taken when they entertained at the Missions to Seamen on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



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AT the premiere of "The Pickwick Papers" at the Lee Theatre in aid of the British Red Cross Society. Right: His Excellency the Governor welcomed on arrival by Mrs R. B. Black and Mrs Clare Kerwick. Left: Miss Hester Tan, daughter of the Burmese Consul, selling programmes. (Staff Photographer)

SMEDLEY'S
PURE WOOL
UNDERWEAR
for
HERE or HOME

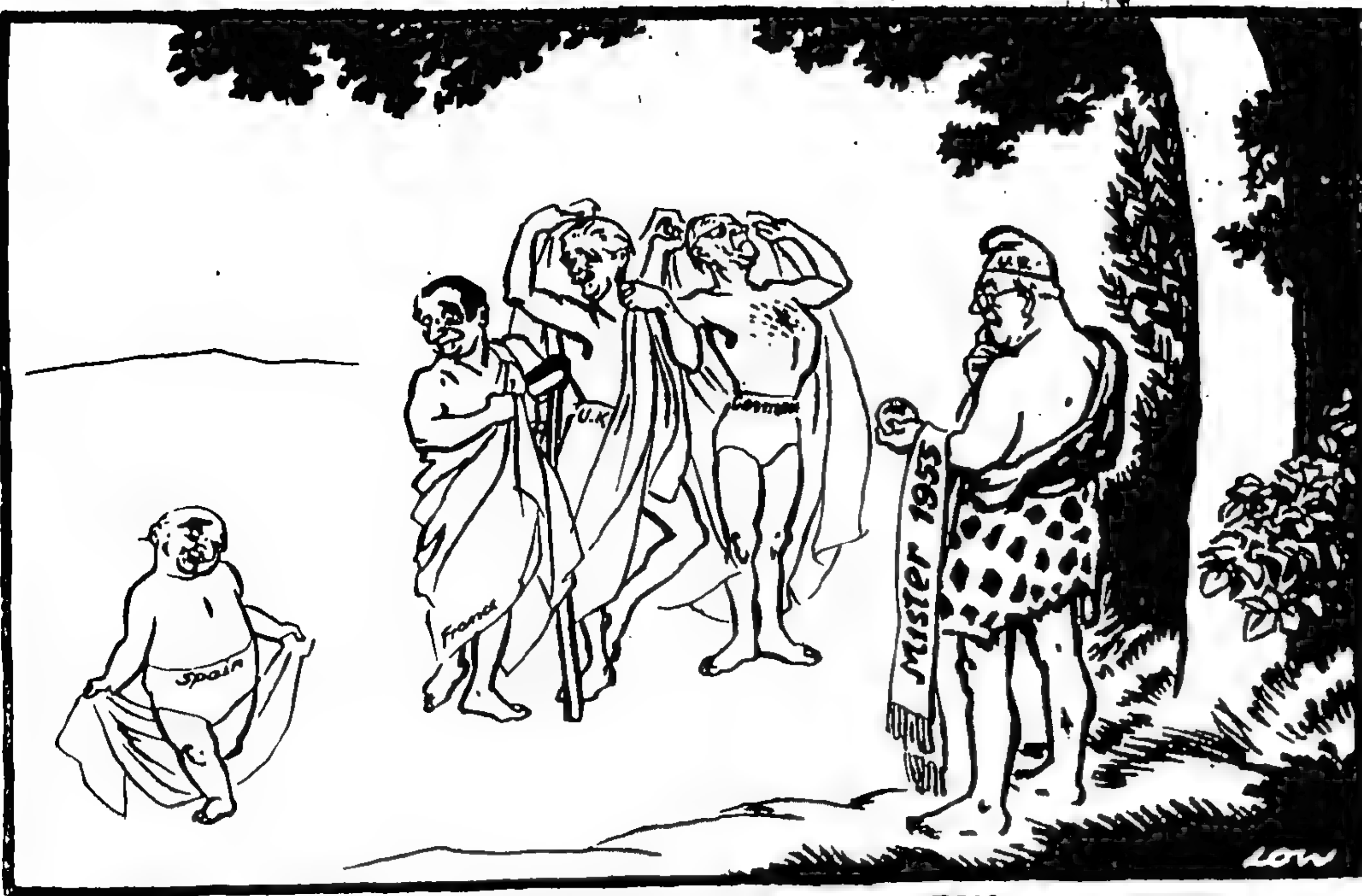
Light weight vests with
quarter sleeves, elastic
waisted trunks, in cream.

And heavier weights for
chillier climates: long
pants & vests with long
sleeves in natural only.

Also silk & wool
luxury underwear.

NOT QUITE ADAPTABLE
FOR WINDOW DISPLAY:
CALL IN, HANDLE THEM,
REALISE THE QUALITY.

MACKINTOSH'S
ALEXANDRA ARCADE
DES VOEUX ROAD



THE JUDGEMENT OF WASHINGTON

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BERTRAND RUSSELL'S MESSAGE TO MANKIND

I AM speaking on this occasion not as a Briton, not as a European nor as a member of a Western democracy but as a human being, a member of the species of man whose continued existence is in doubt.

The world is full of conflicts. Jews and Arabs, Indians and Pakistanis, white men and negroes in Africa, and, overshadowing all minor conflicts, the titanic struggle between Communism and anti-Communism. Almost everybody who is politically conscious has strong feelings about one or more of these issues. But I want you, if you can, to set aside such feelings for the moment and consider yourself only as a member of a biological species which has had a remarkable history, and whose disappearance none of us can desire.

I shall try to say no single word which should appeal to one group rather than to another. All equally are in peril and, if the peril is understood, there is hope that they may collectively avert it. We have to learn to think in a new way. We have to learn to ask ourselves not what steps can be taken to give military victory to whatever group we prefer, for there are no longer such steps. The question we have to ask ourselves is: what steps can be taken to prevent a military contest of which the issue must be disastrous to all sides?

More Powerful

THE general public and even many men in positions of authority have not realised what would be involved in a war with hydrogen bombs.

The general public still thinks in terms of the obliteration of cities. It is understood that the new bombs are more powerful than the old and that while one A-bomb could obliterate Hiroshima, one H-bomb could obliterate the largest cities such as New York, London and Moscow.

No doubt in an H-bomb war great cities would be obliterated. But this is one of the minor disasters that would have to be faced.

If everybody in London, New York and Moscow were exterminated, the world might in the course of a few centuries recover from the blow. But we now know, especially since the Bikini test, that hydrogen bombs can gradually spread destruction over a much wider area than had been supposed. It is stated on very good authority that a bomb can be manufactured which will be twenty-five thousand times as powerful as that which destroyed Hiroshima. Such a bomb if exploded near the ground or under water sends radioactive particles into the upper air. They sink gradually and reach the surface of the earth in the form of a deadly dust.

It was this dust which infected the Japanese fishermen and their catch at Ishikawa, although they were outside what the United States experts believed to be the danger zone. No one knows how widely such lethal radioactive particles

At the start of a year which may prove the turning point in human affairs—a year which could send mankind the way of the dinosaurs or forward to peace and a prosperity yet undreamed of—the China Mail asked Bertrand Russell, almost certainly the outstanding philosopher of the twentieth century, for a message to the people of the world.

He consented to give a message "saying such things as ought to appeal to all human beings." This is it.

It might be diffused, but the best authorities are unanimous in saying that a war with H-bombs is quite likely to put an end to the human race.

It is feared that if many H-bombs are used there will be universal death—sudden only for a fortunate minority but for the majority a slow torture of disease and disintegration.

I will give a few instances out of many. Sir John Slessor (a British wartime Air Force chief) who can speak with unrivalled authority from his experiences of air warfare has said: "A world war in this day and age would be general suicide." And he has gone on to state: "It never has and never will make any sense trying to abolish any particular weapon of war. What we have got to abolish is war."

Professor Adrian, who is the leading English authority on the nerve physiology of the brain, emphasised the same point in his address as President of the British Association.

He said: "We must face the possibility that repeated atomic explosions will lead to a degree of general radioactivity which no one can tolerate or escape." And he added: "Unless we are ready to give up some of our old loyalties we may be forced into a fight which might end the human race."

Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert says: "With the advent of the hydrogen bomb it would appear that the human race has arrived at a point where it must abandon war as a continuation of policy or accept the possibility of total destruction."

Most Gloomy

I COULD prolong such quotations indefinitely. Many warnings have been uttered by eminent men of science and by authorities in military strategy. None of them will say that the worst results are certain.

What they do say is that these results are possible and no one can be sure that they will not be realised. I have not found that the views of experts on this question depend in any degree upon their politics or prejudices; they depend only so far as my researches have revealed upon the extent of the particular expert's knowledge. I have found that the men who know most are most gloomy.

Here then is the problem which I present to you, stark and dreadful and inescapable: Shall we put an end to the human race, or shall man renounce war? People will not see this alternative because it is so difficult to abolish war. The abolition of war will demand distasteful limitations of national sovereignty. But what perhaps impedes understanding of the situation more than any-

thing else is that the term 'mankind' feels vague and abstract. People scarcely realise in imagination that the danger is to themselves and their children and their grandchildren and not only to a dimly apprehended humanity.

And so they hope that perhaps war may be allowed to continue, provided modern weapons are prohibited. I am afraid this hope is illusory. Whatever agreements not to use H-bombs had been reached in time of peace, they would no longer be considered binding in time of war and both sides would set to work to manufacture Jit-bombs as soon as war broke out. For if one side manufactured the bombs and the other did not, the side that manufactured them would inevitably be victorious.

An Analogy

ON both sides of the Iron Curtain there are political obstacles to emphasising the destructive character of future war. If either side were to announce that it would on no account resort to war, it would be diplomatically at the mercy of the other side.

Each side for the sake of self-preservation must continue to say that there are provocations that it will not endure. Each side may long for an accommodation but neither side dare express this longing convincingly. The position is analogous to that of the duellists in former times.

No doubt it frequently happened that each of the duellists feared death and desired an accommodation, but neither could say so since it was a coward. The only hope in such cases was intervention by friends of both parties suggesting an accommodation to which both could agree to at the moment.

This is an exact analogy to the present position of the protagonists on either side of the Iron Curtain. If an agreement making war improbable is to be reached, it will have to be by the friendly offices of neutrals who can speak of the disastrousness of war without being accused of advocating a policy of appeasement.

A Commission

THE neutrals have every right, even from the narrowest consideration of self-interest, to do whatever lies in their power to prevent the outbreak of a world war. It is highly probable that all the inhabitants of neutral countries along with the rest of mankind will perish.

If I were in control of a neutral government, I should certainly consider it my paramount duty to see to it that my

country would continue to have inhabitants, and the only way by which I could make this probable would be to promote some kind of accommodation between the powers on opposite sides of the Iron Curtain.

I personally am, of course, not neutral in my feelings and I should not wish to see the danger of war averted by an abject submission of the West.

But as a human being I have to remember that if the issue between East and West are to be decided in any manner that can give any possible satisfaction to anybody, whether Communist or anti-Communist, whether Asian or European or American, whether black or white, then these issues must not be decided by war.

I should like to see one or more neutral powers appoint a commission of experts who should all be neutrals to draw up a report on the destructive effects to be expected in a war

with H-bombs, not only among the belligerents but also among the neutrals. I should wish this report presented to the governments of all the great powers with an invitation to express their agreement or disagreement with its findings. I think it possible that in this way all the great powers could be led to agree that a world war can no longer serve the purposes of any of them since it is likely to exterminate friend and foe equally, and neutrals likewise.

As geological time is reckoned, man has so far existed for a very short period—a million years at most. What he has achieved, especially during the last six thousand years, is something utterly new in the history of the cosmos, so far at least as we are acquainted with it.

For countless ages the sun rose and set, the moon waxed and waned, the stars shone in the night, but it was only with the coming of man that these things were understood. In the great world of astronomy and in the little world of the atom, man has unveiled secrets which might have been thought undiscoverable.

In art and literature and religion some men have shown a sublimity of feeling which makes the species worth preserving. Is all this to end in trivial terror because so few are able to think of man rather than of this or that group of men?

Is our race so destitute of wisdom, so incapable of impartial love, so blind even to the simplest dictates of self-

(Continued on Page 19.)

William Hickey

AT HOME WITH CHELSEA IN PANTO TIME

I WAS on home ground. My first call was at Chelsea Town Hall. Not to pay the rates. But to go to a party given by the mayor for the first resident pantomime to be given at Chelsea.

It was rather wonderful to climb the stairs—and not care. I remember going there after the war in search of a flat.

I asked to be put on the housing list.

On the rates?

The woman was awfully polite. But I could see she thought I was rather mad. I now realise I was.

Now I was greeted by "Up the stairs and to the right, sir." The mayor's parlour might have been the mayor's parlour in a hundred boroughs and

cities. Heavy dark woods. An Eastern carpet. A desk and an imposing chair.

A waiter brought drinks. Never have I drunk a cocktail with more pleasure. I am a ratepayer in Chelsea. I hope those drinks came out of the rates!

The mayor, Mr Guy Edmondson, was very proper in his dark suit and chain of office. But he had a quizzical, amused look. I thought he looked like an R.A.F. type. I wasn't wrong. He was a Battle of Britain pilot. They are in their late thirties now, most of the survivors of the battle. And however responsible the positions they now hold bring to them a certain smiling irony.

They will be a special type as long as they live.

His wife Sylvia is of the same generation. She was a W.A.A.F. officer. And though she is now the charming, elegant wife of the Mayor of Chelsea, she also retains something of the war. Something very fine. An understanding, a sympathy that was born of the ordeal.

And then I spoke to the town clerk, Mr John Kitchin. I have learned to respect town clerks. They are always quiet, modest men. But, make no mistake about it, they are the rulers of our boroughs and cities.

But—power

A town clerkship is a typical British institution. On paper they—the clerks, a modest title—have little power. In fact they have much.

I asked him why Chelsea was, as a borough, supporting a pantomime at the Chelsea Palace.

"Well," said Mr Kitchin, "my wife and I love pantomime. The management approached me and said they were thinking of putting on an old-fashioned panto."

"So I said I would see what I could do to get the mayor's support—providing it was a real old-fashioned pantomime, without all the variety acts."

"So many children," he continued, "have said half-way through a panto, 'This isn't anything like the story you have told me, mummy!'"

I was so immersed in the conversation that I was rather overwhelmed when I turned round.

Aladdin—and lamp

Standing by the gas-fire was Aladdin himself, complete with lamp.

It was Miss Violet Pretty—and as soon as I saw her I knew that before I left I should be saying, "You are not only pretty by name."

I did. It was rather a piquant sight to see her standing in her silver unseal dress and pan-o plumes alongside the mayor in his slightly pompous parlour.

He enjoyed it all. There is no doubt that as the war generation pushes its way through to positions of prominence that it will give its own special flavour to public life.

It is a generation that respects traditions—that mean something. But laughs at much of what used to pass under the name of dignity.

THIS is the Gin...



... FOR A PERFECT GIN AND TONIC

Undoubtedly the coolest, cleanest drink in the world with a subtle flavour of its very own. Best results are easily obtained by simply mixing Gordon's and tonic water in a good sized glass, add a thin slice of lemon and relax... Then you'll have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, so good as a Gordon's Gin and Tonic.

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme!

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5 FLIGHTS WEEKLY

The following flights are in operation:

	Depart	Arrive
MONDAY	5 p.m.	8 p.m. (local time)
TUESDAY	12 noon	3 p.m.
THURSDAY	5 p.m.	8 p.m.
FRIDAY	12 noon	3 p.m.
SATURDAY	12 noon	3 p.m.

Philippine Airlines



TYPEWRITERS

Spallington

20 Stanley St.

Tel: 3278



Harry Odell says

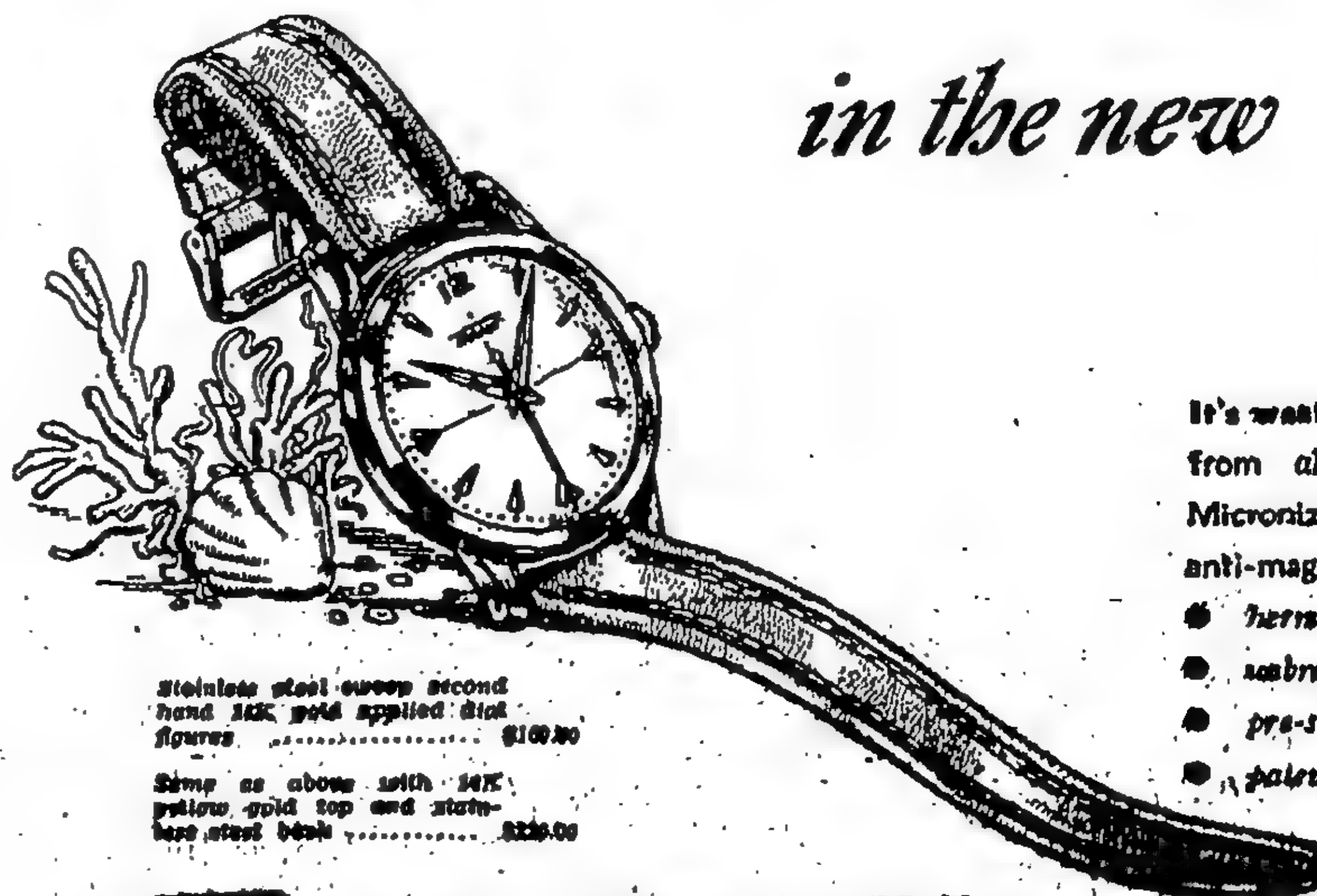
If you like IDA LUPINO do not miss "JENNIE" now showing at the EMPIRE THEATRE

You get guarded precision

in the new

Tissot

Waterproof



Stainless steel, sweep second hand, 24K gold applied dial figures \$100.00
 Same as above with 18K yellow gold top and stainless steel back \$125.00

OMEGA

Treasured Watches for 100 Years

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

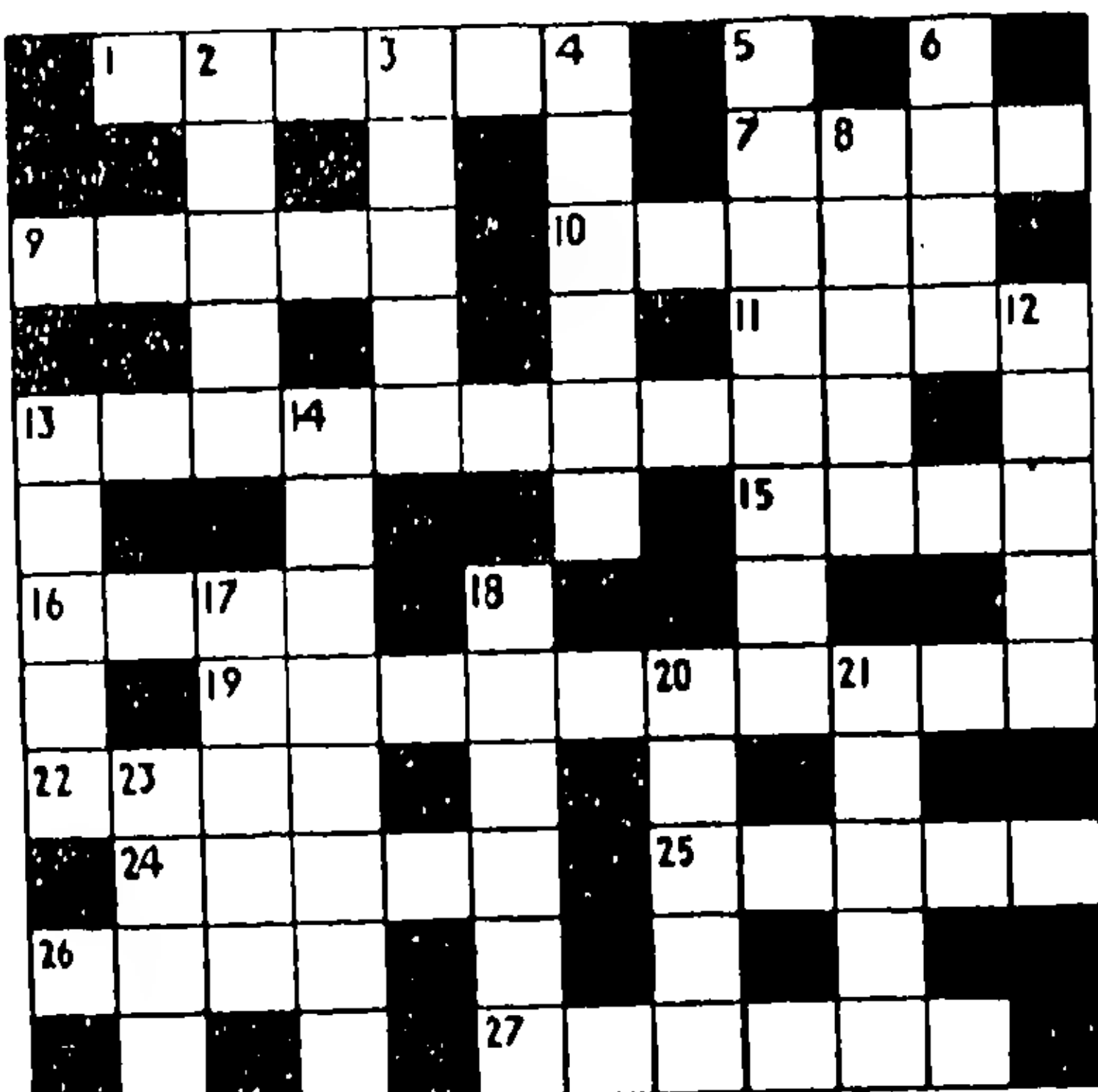
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It's waterproof, too... made to withstand attack from all the elements. Here's how its famous Micronized Movement is protected and of course it is anti-magnetic and shock-protected as well.

- hermetically sealed in stainless steel
- unbreakable armor-crystal
- pre-set tension ring
- polished crown

POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS
1. Piece of charge (6)
 2. Fruit (4)
 3. Feature (5)
 4. Grown up (5)
 5. Rich and juicy (4)
 6. Limited (10)
 7. Close (4)
 8. Pete (4)
 9. Meddled (10)
 10. Unpleasantly damp (4)
 11. Allude to (5)
 12. Swift (5)
 13. Bill of fare (4)
 14. Walk unsteadily (6)
- DOWN
1. Wanderer (5)
 2. Teacher (5)
 3. Spiritual meeting (6)
 4. Wealth (8)
 5. Rodents (4)
 6. Dodge (5)
 7. Engaged (5)
 8. Stiff (5)
 9. Grateful (8)
 10. Material (5)
 11. Hue (6)
 12. Discharged (5)
 13. Drive back (5)
 14. Extent (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1. Tackle, 4. Happy, 7. Lotter, 8. Tug, 10. Gad, 12. Magnate, 15. Rival, 16. Anon, 17. Anon, 18. Je, 19. Monitor, 21. Even, 23. Birth, 24. Naive, 25. Storm, 26. Blade, Down: 1. Telegram, 2. Builders, 3. Lies, 5. Alienate, 6. Presto, 9. Pater, 11. Sinter, 12. Major, 13. Answered, 14. Entreats, 18. Model, 22. Bull.

NANCY SPAIN:

Exploring a City of Mystery Ruled by a Woman of Terror

WHAT are the books that they are buying with their book tokens?

KATHERINE, by Anya Seton (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.). 14th-century romance success story of Katherine Swynford, wife to John of Gaunt.

LORD M, by Lord David Cecil (Constable, 21s.). True story of Queen Victoria's "dear Lord Melbourne."

TEMPESTUOUS JOURNEY, by Frank Owen (Hutchinson, 25s.). Overwhelming biography of Lloyd George.

And what have I been reading? Well, after all these years, I have been reading SHE (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.; Hodder and Stoughton, 2s.). by Henry Rider Haggard, first published 48 years ago, now in its second million. "She" is one of the great stories of the world.

Do you remember how ugly, whiskey, ape-like Holly is given the guardianship of beautiful, golden-curl, Greek-god-like Leo? Because Leo's dying father hopes that together they may discover the mysterious City of Kor, where She rules so terribly? Who is She?

She-who-must-be obeyed, otherwise known as Ayesha, or (somewhat slangily to her slaves) "Hiya," is more than 2,000 years old, knows the secret of eternal life. Beautiful, blue-eyed, desirable. She has loved and murdered Leo's ancestor Kallikrates (also golden-curl) because she was spurned by him.

His knighthood

SHE awaits the second coming of Kallikrates, falls madly in love with Leo. She swears Leo is his spit'n' image. She persuades Leo to bathe with her in the pillar of fire, which she says "is the very Fountain and Heart of Life as it beats in the bosom of the Great World."

So she goes first into the flame, shrivels and dies. Leo and Holly get out alive, unburned, though Leo's golden curls are now white as snow. Commented poet Andrew Lang when he first read this: "By Jove, I'd have gone into the fire and chucked in She too. Perhaps it would have picked her up again."

I have always wondered what Henry Rider Haggard, who wrote this marvellous stuff, was

really like. And this week I have found out. Sir Henry Rider Haggard was knighted for his services to agriculture, coast erosion, and afforestation, not literature. He was born in 1855, sixth son of a Norfolk squire, went to Ipswich Grammar School (a) because there wasn't enough Haggard money for Winchester and Halesbury, and (b) because in those days he was "heavy as lead in mind and body" and "only fit to be a green grocer."

He failed for the Army and the Foreign Office, eventually went as Junior Secretary to the staff of the Governor of Natal. Here he did well, became Registrar of the High Court of the Transvaal at £400 a year.

When he was 24 he was running an ostrich farm with his wife Louisa Margilson, an heiress.

His best-seller

THE Deer uprising sent the Haggards home to England, where Rider decided to read for the Bar. But his head was stuffed with marvellous African tales, and he had an article about a Zulu war-dance published in a magazine.

So he decided to write. His first book, "Cetewayo and His White Neighbours," lost him £50 when it was first published. It, he said, "Dawn" made him only £10.

Then one day he read "Treasure Island" and said he thought he could write a book like that. For a bet he wrote "King Solomon's Mines." R. L. Stevenson said of its allegedly slaphop composition: "You do quite well enough to take more trouble." But although rejected by four publishers it became a runaway seller of its year, and is still used as a school book.

His beard

BY now Rider Haggard was a barrister, tall, loose-limbed, sparkling-eyed, loud-voiced, weak-armed. He grew a piratical beard to hide his chin, did not get any briefs. So he took on a friend's job reporting divorce cases for the Times. That year he also wrote "Allan Quatermain," "She," and "Jesse." "She" took six weeks to write, was produced in a fever of white-hot inspiration, faster than his "poor," aching hand could set it down. He actually composed and wrote the scene where she dies in the fire in his agent's office waiting for an appointment.

Haggard believed "The Story" was the more important than

"The Style." "There," he said, "as he delivered 'She,' 'It shall be remembered by me.'"

His manor house

SOMETIMES this astonishing man would regret his literary success. He claimed it ruined his career at the Bar. "No British solicitor," he would say, "can be induced to put confidence in anyone well known as an author."

How right he was. But he made £91,738 from his books, ploughed as much back into his 365-acre farm in Norfolk, where he painted his manor house mustard yellow.

The boom of his voice dictating from the library would often quell the frivolous noisiness of a house party in the drawing-room. He had one son, whom he adored (Jock who died at the age of 10), and three daughters.

Once one of his family asked him how he thought of that best-selling title for "She." "Well," he said "She was the name of a rag doll that nurse used to frighten us with as children."

★

RUNYON FROM FIRST TO LAST. Constable, 12s. 6d.; 478 pages.

OMNIBUS holding (1) early stories by the Broadway talker before he perfected his personal idiom; (2) middle group of stories in which the Runyon manner is found working with exceptional smoothness; (3) finally, a small group of sketches bravely written during Runyon's last illness. A book to put alongside Runyon on Broadway.

★

THE AGENCY GAME. By Bernard Cutleridge. Weidenfeld and Nicholson, 12s. 6d. 247 pages.

THERE will be raised eyebrows over this picture of the advertising industry as a kind of robust, improper romp with, beautiful, well-developed Angela Bingham as queen of the revels. Yet there is no doubt that Mrs Cutleridge writes from knowledge of the business and the pitfalls it holds for young men.

If, here and there, some copy-writer or "executive" blushes as he reads, the rest of us can be diverted by the cynical, naughty story without any qualm of conscience.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

COLLECTOR'S PARADISE

What do people collect? The answer (according to the results of a Swiss inquiry) would appear to be "almost anything and everything"—especially if the collector lives in Switzerland.

Basically, Switzerland has its normal quota of wealthy people who collect valuable pictures, first editions, antique snuff-boxes and the like. In fact, one of the finest private collections of Chinese jade in the world is in Geneva. Collections of this kind, however, are only for the very rich, whereas among the Swiss the collecting mania seems to sweep into all income brackets.

An engineer in Bern, for example, owns hundreds of old padlocks and keys, while a shopkeeper in the same town has cupboards and shelves crammed with decorated candles—4,000 of them. A Zurich draughtsman collects the gaily printed tissue paper squares in which oranges are wrapped, and Harry Schumacher, proprietor of a Grill in Lucerne, claims to have the finest collection of cookery books in the world. He owns some 2,500 works in 30 languages, the oldest being a play tablet with cuneiform characters from Babylon and dating back to 2400 B.C.

Perhaps the most original of all Swiss collectors, however, is Hans Schweizer, a retired insurance salesman. Mr Schweizer lives in an overheated three-room house near Zurich, and while away the hours surrounded by glass jars and cases so closely packed together that one can hardly pass between the rows. And inside these containers? Snakes alive and by the hundreds from all over the world.

SMUGGLING IN GAOL

Singapore Prisoners' Commissioner E. L. Soehon has plenty of drug smugglers in his gaols. But he is not happy about it. The trouble is they are still smuggling. And Soehon and his guards are having a tough time stopping it.

Says he: "People starting sentences are carrying it in. A woman was found with opium concealed in the bun of her hair."

Sometimes drugs are brought in in cigarettes.

Worried by it all, Soehon tried to think up some way of crushing the drug ring in his own prisons. But last week came the final indignity: a patrolling guard was hit on the head by a packet of

opium thrown over a wall by a convict's relatives.

MIDDLE CLASS To Professor Gilbert Murray, famed historian and scholar, Britain has something unique in her middle class.

In an address at Oxford he said: "We have not only a middle class, but something very remarkable—a highly intelligent and competent middle class doing the government of the country. I don't think the equivalent exists elsewhere. This means a high standard of competence and implies a certain moral standard."

As he was speaking, the Corporation of Harlow, Essex, one of Britain's newest towns, was puzzling over a problem set by Britain's middle class.

The Corporation, with dreams of democracy, started by mixing all classes in their new settlement; the doctor was given a house beside the dustman; the builder, beside the butcher. It did not work. The middle classes objected to some of their neighbours.

"It was no good," said a Corporation spokesman. "The middle classes began to drift away."

So they changed their plans so as to settle the middle classes all together away from unwanted neighbours.

OLDEST REPTILE Two hundred and fifty million years ago a tortoise-like reptile with gridding plates instead of teeth died in what is now Israel's barren southland.

A year ago its petrified ramp was found by Swedish geological experts. This week geologists found its head.

New the reptile, one of the oldest of its kind ever discovered anywhere in the world, will be put back together again by the Israel Geological Institute. And they have a name for it.

NOT TOO OLD! After 43 years, Sam Harvey, one of Britain's longest-serving soldiers, is retiring—still a corporal. And 60-year-old Sam is heaping mad. Not because he's still a corporal. Because they're throwing him out of the Army.

"Too old," says the War Office. "Nonsense," snaps Sam.

Four years ago they told him the same thing. Sam wrote to the King.

He got a "rocket" from his commanding officer. But he did get four more years in the Army.

Club in London, where he will have a uniform and his commissions will be Servicemen. "That," says Sam, "is some consolation. But it's still not the Army."

CAMBRIDGE "Failed B.A. Candidate"

no longer seems an adequate qualification for future security. Qualifications and a real certificate to bear them out seem to be the thing.

Of the two, the certificate may be the most important to get. For long, Oxford certificates of education have been inscribed on special paper with "security" ink that fades when exposed to light or damp. It needed a master folder to make use of them.

Cambridge had thought these measures unnecessary.

Now Cambridge is considering doing likewise. Said a Cambridge spokesman: "It is right that our documents should be safeguarded."

SOOTHING AND SWEET

The Rev. A. R. Castle wants to put a bee-hive on every one of Britain's 88,745 square miles—to help calm the nation's nerves.

Mr Castle, a Congregational minister in Maidstone, Kent, was a medical student before he went into the ministry, and he ranks as one of the country's top authorities on bee-keeping. Leading medical authorities, Mr Castle claims, agree with him.

He says a teaspoonful of honey in a glass of hot water is one of the best nerve tonics going. An optional dash of sherry, he adds, can be added to the mixture.

But the mixture is too expensive, with honey running at 1s 6d a pound. The problem, he figures, could be solved easily by putting one beehive on every square mile—by a calculation the ideal spacing to assure the nation's well-being.

"Look at all that nuclear going to waste," he says, sadly noting that even in his sprawling county of Kent, where bees are probably as numerous as anywhere in the country, there are only about 2,700 hives.

The 88,000 hives would produce an awful lot of honey: approximately 4,440,000 pounds a year. But Mr Castle thinks it all could be used to make liqueur as well as calmer, and the extra bees ought to increase fruit yields too.

LOCKED-UP You can't lock up a young bride on her wedding night and get away with it. Not in Italy anyway.

Somewhere tried it in Milan the other day—and the relatives got really mad.

Zeno Busacchi was just 19 and his bride, Yvonne, 21. And they were honeymooning at a Milan hotel, 50 miles from their home town.

But when it came to paying the hotel proprietor, Amalia Conforti, Zeno found he didn't have the necessary £20.

So the proprietor locked the bride in her room as a hostage. Zeno got off for her home town to get the money—and came back with 18 relatives who told the proprietor what they thought of her. And told the police as well.

Later the hotel-keeper and her 20-year-old son were charged with "sequestration of person," which officially means that bride Yvonne was definitely Zeno's property.

GUY FAWKES The powder mill

Waltham Cross which produced the explosives with which Guy Fawkes is believed to have tried to blow up Parliament may be torn down.

It needs a new roof and the cost may be too much. The last major changes to the factory were made 100 years ago, and since then development of the Explosives Research Establishment on the site has left the old building virtually deserted.

Chief Superintendent L.T.D. Williams wants to preserve the factory for history. But the budget presents a big problem. History ought to be interested in it—and not only because Guy Fawkes got his powder there.

Originally, the building was an Abbey. In 1660 the local authorities decided it would be more useful for making powder and it increased its name to the intriguing "Waltham Abbey Powder."

Milt apparently quite acceptable in an age when "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" was the prevailing philosophy.

Afterwards it passed into private hands.

In 1780 it acquired the distinction of becoming Britain's first nationalised industry, because the Navy complained that the powder, being produced wasn't up to the French standard.

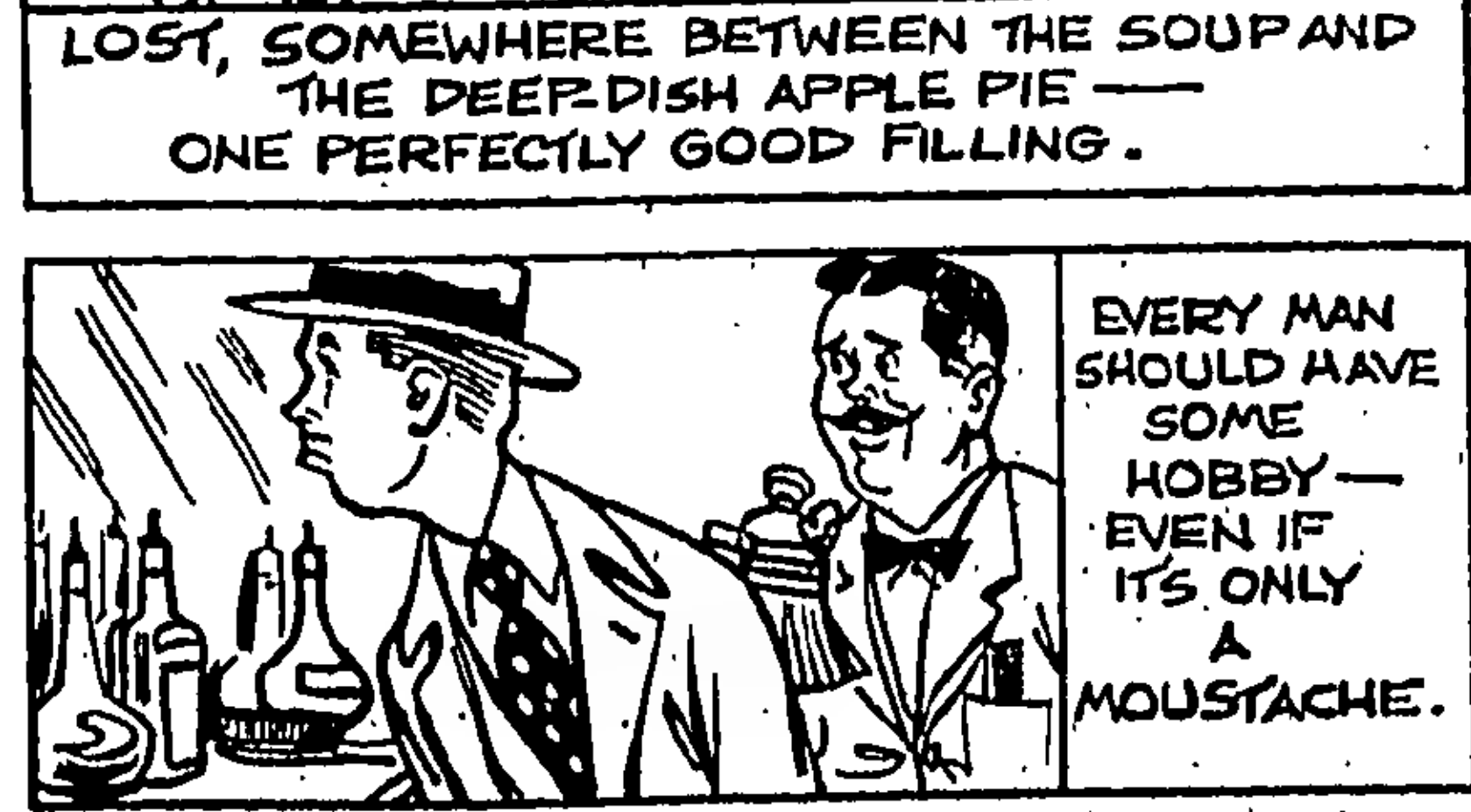
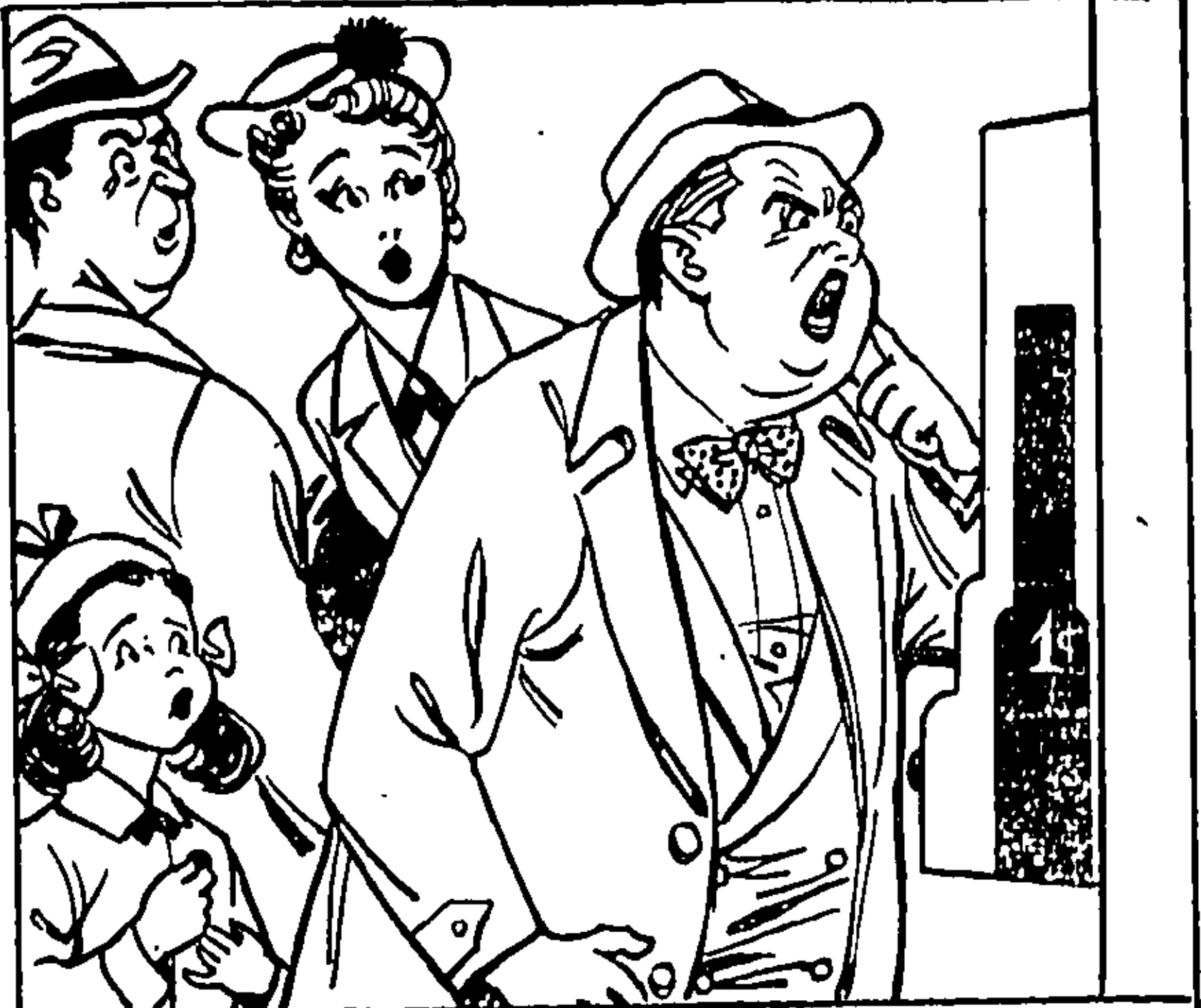
LOW JUMP Worried over a lovers' quarrel, a Capetown youth flung himself out of a second-storey window.

He fell only two feet. A painter's scaffold, which he hadn't noticed blocked his fall, "Relieved," he climbed back in and made up the glass.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Public Mirrors And Private Reflections

BY HARRY WEINERT



SPORTS DIARY

TODAY	TOMORROW
<p>Div. 1. KMB v South China (Club); St. Joseph's v RAF (Navy); Club v Army (Navy). All matches commencing at 4 p.m.</p> <p>Div. 2. A v B v CAA (Club); Taikoo v St. Joseph's (Navy); Club v Eastern (Navy). All matches at 2.30 p.m.</p> <p>Div. 3. Dockyard v Prisoners; Solicitors v Dairy Farm; RAMC v Tramways. All matches at Happy Valley at 2.30 p.m.</p> <p>U & V v Telephone; CMB v REME; Jockey v Little Red Wan. All matches at Happy Valley 4 p.m.</p> <p>Ladies' Hockey: KGV (K) 2.45 p.m.; KGV (B) v Services (B) 2.30 p.m.; Grenadier v Recreio (K) 2.30 p.m.; Dorians "B" v Dorians "A" (B) 1.45 p.m.</p> <p>Hockey: Annual Race Meeting (First Day) Happy Valley, noon.</p> <p>Hockey: Hong Kong Championships at KIDG at 4 p.m.</p> <p>Crickets: D. 2. Dockyard v B. "B" (B) v Army.</p> <p>Football: Ladies: Chinese v South China, 4.30 p.m.; Dorians v Pandas (Ground), 4.30 p.m.; Blackhaws v Seven-teen (Ground), 4.30 p.m.</p>	<p>Div. 1. KMB v South China (Club); Eastern v CAA (Navy); Navy v Police (Navy). All matches commencing at 4 p.m.</p> <p>Div. 2. A v B v CAA (Club); Kitcher v South China (Club); Gymnastic v Sing Tao (Navy); RAF v Western (B) All matches commencing at 2.30 p.m.</p> <p>Div. 3. Lane Crawford v HK Aircraft; Kowloon Godown v Hollandia; KMB v Redifusion. All matches at Happy Valley commencing at 2.30 p.m.</p> <p>Tamara v Watsons; Roadworks v University; Police v R.L. All matches at Happy Valley commencing at 4 p.m.</p> <p>Men's Hockey: Div. 2. Knights v Army (C) (N) v 2.30 p.m.; Police v RN "B" (Police Ground) 2.30 p.m.</p> <p>Second Inter-Port Trial at Soekun-poo 2.30 p.m.</p> <p>Athletics: HKAAA Meeting at South China Stadium Caroline Hill.</p> <p>Football: Junior Championship Finals. Senior "A" v Warriors v Pandas (Ground "A") 2 p.m.; St. Joseph's v CAA (Ground "A") 2 p.m.; Senior "B" v Americans v Blackhaws (Ground "A") 2.30 p.m.; Ladies: CAA v Wahoon "A" (Ground "A") 10 a.m.; Colliers "A" v Wahoon "B" (Ground "B") 10 a.m.</p>

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB ANNUAL RACE MEETING

Saturday 15th, Wednesday 19th and Saturday 22nd January, 1955.

It will be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 30 RACES.

The First Race will be run at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race at 12 o'clock NOON each day.

The Fifth interval is after the Fourth Race (1.30 p.m.) each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

Members must wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member. A member is responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of sixteen years. Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

Although Through Tickets cannot normally be purchased for each day of a Meeting unless there is an interval of at least five days between each day an exception is being made for the Annual Race Meeting. Through Cash Sweep tickets, therefore, of \$20 each per day or \$60 for the three days of the Meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices during normal office hours until 10.00 a.m. on each day of the Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 22nd January, 1955, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices.

The sale of these tickets will close on Friday 21st January at—
382, Nathan Road, Kowloon at 4.00 p.m.
5, D'Aguiar Street at 5.00 p.m.
Queen's Building, (Chater Road) at 6.00 p.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP ON THE PEARCE MEMORIAL CUP

Saturday, 22nd January, 1955.

Over 700,000 tickets sold to date.

The Sale of Cash Sweep Tickets on the above will close on Friday, 21st January, as follows:—

382 Nathan Road, Kowloon at 4.00 p.m.
5 D'Aguiar Street at 5.00 p.m.
Queen's Building, Ground Floor, Chater Road at 6.00 p.m.

The Draw will be held in the Public Betting Hall at the Race Course, at 10.00 a.m. on Saturday, 22nd January, 1955.

By Order of the Stewards,
PEAT, MARWICK, MITCHELL & CO.
Treasury.

SPORTING SAM By Reg. Wootton



Taipan's Game Is The Main Event For Rugger Enthusiasts Today

By "PAK LO"

The main event this afternoon is the Taipan's game, which takes place each year between the Commander British Forces XV, and a XV representing a well-known Colony sportsman, and rugger enthusiasts.

This year the honour has fallen to Bill Stoker, one of the most regular supporters of the Club rugger team, and a well known figure throughout the Colony.

This game will be held on the Club ground in Happy Valley at 4.15 p.m., and later in the evening the two teams and various rugger officials will be entertained to dinner by Mr Stoker in the Clubhouse.

Previous to this, and contrary to your fixture cards, there will be a game between Wing Commander J. A. Reid's XV and Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Gibbons' XV. This will start at 3.00 p.m., also on the Club ground.

In the case of both matches the teams have been selected from the best available players in the Colony and they have been carefully balanced. This should make for really exciting and interesting rugger, but it makes the selection of the winners extremely difficult.

However, we should see two fine games, and this is a chance for rugger fans to see practically all the best players in the Colony on the field in one afternoon. My suggestion is...DON'T MISS IT!

In the first game at 3.00 p.m. Wing Commander J. A. Reid's XV will be playing in blue jerseys whilst their opponents will take the field wearing white jerseys.

In the forwards the battle will be very even, but I expect Wells of Reid's XV, to outkick his opponent in the set scrums. Both packs are fairly heavy with Reid's pack having a slight advantage in weight.

In the lineouts Perry and Todd for Gibbons' XV should take the honours. This means that both sides should get about an equal share of the ball while behind the scrums, Gibbons' XV

With Lloyd of the Police, in front of him, I expect Brentford to outshine his opposite number, Turville, at fly half. Behind him, Brentford has a fast three line though an equally fast set of three is in opposition to them.

The combination of Edwards on one wing with Slewin inside him, in Sugden's side, should fit in well and will form extremely dangerous opposition.

With Stoker's team getting on paper at least, the lion's share of the ball from the forward play, and with the good hard going three they have behind them, they should win by a narrow margin.

However, it will be a battle royal, and the tide could very easily turn in favour of Lt. General Sugden's team. Certainly the latter have the better place kickers, and it is often this which makes the difference between a team losing or winning.

THE TEAMS

Wing-Commander J. A. Reid's XV: Harris, Moore, Fraser, Stone, McIlven, Walter, Woolfe, Dunncliffe, Wells, Hata, Griffiths, Harrison, Clode, Ansell, Reeves.

Lt. Colonel T. H. Gibbons' XV: Heywood, Taul, Lloyd, Collins, Gammon, McGarrity, Smith, McDonald, Mitchell, Newman, Perry, Todd, Penman, Farquharson, Kilvert.

Lt. General Sugden's XV: Patterson, Ingalls, Edd, Slewin, Edwards, Brentford, Lloyd, Slack, V. Russell, Amundale, Hargrove, Chisholm, Woolf, Danksin, Thomas.

Mr W. Stoker's XV: Logan, Ingall, Marsh, Blincoe, Rakies, Turville, Parkinson, Miller.

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LEAGUE CRICKET

Army South v. Recreio Will Be The Game Of The Week

Says "GOOGLY"

Army South, who lost three valuable points last week when they were forced to a draw by Scorpions, are down to entertain Recreio this afternoon at Soekunpoo, and this should be the game of the week.

When these two teams met earlier in the season the game ended in a draw. On paper the soldiers have a better balanced side and they are more consistent in their batting. With their bowlers in aggressive form they should come away with the points.

But, on the other hand, Recreio are also a reputable side, and on their best days they have even greater potential than their more favoured opponents. However, this should be a good game to watch and may the better team win.

Kowloon Cricket Club, fresh from their victory over Police last week, will be hosts to the Optimists. Both teams are fairly even in attacking strength and the issue will likely rest on the side in better batting form, in which Optimists seem to be slightly superior.

RAF, who were idle last week due to their exercise, will be meeting Army North at Kai Tak. The airman's bowlers, Birley and Fowler who were both in great form in the Triangular Tournament against Army, may be able to repeat this afternoon.

These two bowlers carried their team to victory against Army and I see no reason why they cannot do so again today. Much will depend on the soldiers' opening pair. A draw is a likely outcome of this game.

Scorpions should have an easy afternoon at home to the Undergraduates at Chater Road.

Police, at home to Navy, should not take things too easy, as the sailors are an unknown quantity. But, nevertheless, the guardians of the law should bag the points.

The main interest in the Second Division will be centred on the match between Dockyard-IRC "B" at King's Park. We will see if the former can avenge the defeat they suffered in the first round. The odds are on the home team purely for the reason that they are a more even team.

IRC "A", KCC, and RAF should come away with the points at the expense of University, DBS and KGV respectively.

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

TWO CRUCIAL SENIOR DIVISION GAMES TOMORROW AFTERNOON

Two crucial games in the Senior Divisions are scheduled for this week-end. In the Senior "A" League, Pennant holding Saints will tangle with the Chinese Athletic and in the Senior "B", Americans will battle the Blackhawks. Another good game will see the Warriors challenging the League-leading Pandas. Three Ladies' and one Junior match are also scheduled.

St Joseph's old timers suffered one loss lately but it did not affect their hope for retaining the Pennant for another year. They are still good in hitting though they seem to be short of practice, which fact was reflected in their erratic fielding during the game against Pandas.

Chinese Athletic are also a hard-hitting bunch though they are at a disadvantage in lacking a fast pitcher. Nevertheless, especially in the centre field, and this may check the long range firing of the Saints. However, the Saints are still favoured to win as they are more experienced and better balanced in all departments.

DECIDER

The Americans vs. Blackhawks game is the really crucial one. These two teams have met twice with each side winning once. This is the third time they play each other and the winners are almost certain of the Championship of the Senior "B" League as three other teams, Pandas "B", Overseas "A", and University of Hongkong, are of junior calibre and cannot be expected to upset them.

For the Americans it is the third year they compete in the Senior "B" Division. Every time they seemed to have clinched the title only to find their star players leaving the Colony before the final play-off and other teams have snatched the Pennant from right under their noses. In 1953, it was the Redskins who won the play-off and in 1954, the Delawareans.

The weakness of the Yankees lies in their pitching. Jack Bordwell is a good player but his pitching is rather slow, though steady. Their batting power is strong. Jan Armstrong, Ken Donaldson, Jack Bordwell, Red Burling, Jan Curvalho and Mario "Red" Pereira can all aim and hit.

Their infield is tight but their outfield is a bit loose.

Blackhaws Aces consist mostly of former Senior "A" players such as Marcus Souza, Johnny Pereira, Joey Gracia, Roberto Nunes, Bernard Silva, Eric and Gerry Remedios, and their old-timers, Renile Barretto, Manuel Nunes, Donel, Manuel and Eddie Remedios plus Tony Rodrigues from Delawareans.

They are a hard-hitting bunch too, young and fast. Their weakness is also in their pitching staff. Both Joey Gracia and Renile Barretto are not steady enough. So the outcome of this important match seems to depend much on their performance on the spot. Should they work out well then the Blackhawks will win, otherwise

Warriors have shown great improvement lately, especially their moundman, Fernando Marques, who limited the mighty Saints to five hits and a score of 2-0, a few weeks ago. Though their batting is not too strong and their fielding a little weak, it is believed that they will give the League-leading Pandas a good match.

Pandas, who beat the Pennant-holding Saints a fortnight ago, are strengthened by the return of their former first baseman, Harold Ong. Though their performance this season has not been steady and was erratic sometimes, they should be able to conquer the fighting Warriors.

Due to final examinations going on at all schools, many Junior contests have been postponed as most junior players are schoolboys. The only game scheduled is Ducks vs. Pandas Jr. Ducks are a better team and they should win by a comfortable margin.

The three ladies' games will be between Wahoon Aces and Bess and South China Ladies should score easy victories over CAA, Colliers "A" and Overseas Ladies.

THE PROGRAMME

Saturday

2.00 p.m.; Ducks vs. Pandas Jr.

3.30 p.m.; Overseas Ladies vs. South China Ladies

Sunday

10.00 a.m.; (A) CAA Ladies vs. Wahoon "A" (B) Colliers "A" vs. Wahoon "B"

11.30 p.m.; Warriors vs. Pandas

2.00 p.m.; St Joseph's vs. CAA

3.30 p.m.; Americans vs. Blackhawks "A"

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SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

THE CHINESE FOOTBALLER IS AN ACCURATE KICKER OF A DEAD BALL

By I.M. MacTAVISH

Whenever a penalty kick is awarded there is usually a temporary hush of anticipation or apprehension—among spectators and players alike. There is obviously something extra-special about a spot-kick. This is because it is in many ways the 'capital punishment' of soccer. There is no doubt that the odds are all in favour of the kicker and yet it is surprising how many of these kicks are missed.

There is an expanding epidemic of misses in British League football at the moment and almost every sportswriter in the United Kingdom is having a go at explaining why this should be so. Strangely enough it is not confined to British footballers alone as recent continental visitors have also shown a strange ability to miss from the spot.

I would hesitate to suggest any real reason for this state of misses especially when one considers all the circumstances—12 yards from the goal-line, a single opponent who must remain absolutely still until the ball is hit, and yet the reward of misses continues to mount.

That is the current trend and one wonders why this is not so prevalent here in Hongkong. The record this season has been very good and relatively few kicks have been wasted.

The Chinese footballer is an accurate kicker of a dead ball and, whether the hard drive or the accurate glide method of taking a penalty kick is used, the local players do the job well and very few post-match heartaches are caused by vital goals or points being lost due to misses from the spot.

TALKING POINT

From time to time I receive a lot of correspondence on various aspects of Hongkong football. Very often, however, the contents are unsuitable for publication either because they contain only personal complaints or criticisms which would be much better referred direct to the people or the particular organisation concerned.

Occasionally, however, a letter provides a talking point on whatever one feels for or against the subject matter, and I have one like that this week.

It goes: Dear MacTavish, I am a Lover. I have been in the Colony for some years and I like my football. The Chinese players have captivated me with their close play and if I can manage to get a ticket I seldom miss seeing a match or two each week-end.

Now, however, I have a personal viewpoint which you might like to consider. I don't think the Chinese officials are getting a fair crack of the whip at the present time and I don't think Hongkong football will be making its maximum progress until they do.

Take the latest example of what I mean. The Grasshoppers Football Club is coming to Hongkong as the main football attraction over the Chinese New Year. The selectors have picked a strong all-Chinese team to represent All-Hongkong and, having regard to the timing of the big game, it would surely have been a fitting time to award the plum of managing the team to one of the Chinese officials. Instead—and I'm afraid I don't know who does the nominating—I see in the newspaper that a European manager has been appointed.

It seems that an excellent chance has been lost of giving one of the local Chinese officials the honour of leading this all-Chinese team in a game that is really a Chinese New Year attraction.

Yours, 'Fair's fair'.

Well, what can one say about such a letter. It is obvious that the writer has given a lot of thought to what is really a very complex question.

I have no way of knowing what led the appropriate committee to make the appointment that it did.

It may be that it was considered to be the best one for the particular occasion and therefore I take up no sides in the matter... but there is more than just a hint of commonsense in the letter above.

NIGHTMARE

Everyone who is interested in the game in Hongkong will readily endorse the views expressed by another columnist that serious consideration should be given to the present black-market provoking arrangements for the pre-sale of tickets in connection with important games in the Colony.

The days immediately preceding the Senior Shield Match between KMB and South China were nightmare for anyone with even the most nominal connection with the administrative side of the game.

'Old friends and best friends' appeared and multiplied with astonishing speed only to disappear as soon as it was realised that the person approached was not in a position to supply the precious tickets. However, one going to the rounds is worth revealing even if it is difficult to check the authenticity of all the facts.

It seems that one fortunate person who had two tickets found that it would not be possible to go to the game. A 'very trustworthy' type—was given the tickets because he had solemnly stated his keen desire to see the game... and he got the two tickets at face value.

Some time later the original holder found that he would after all be able to attend and hopefully approached his 'good friend' for the return of the tickets. This was most awkward for the 'friend' as he would have also found that he would not be able to go and had in fact already let the tickets pass into the hands of a third party.

When the explanation was presented to Mr Three by Mr One the truth was revealed. Mr One the truth was revealed. Mr One the truth was revealed. Mr One the truth was revealed. Mr One the truth was revealed.

bonus of \$10 on the transaction and was quite willing to do business with the original holder at a profit-showing price!! No further comment is necessary.

WEEK-END GAMES

With the Grasshopper visit only a week away local fans have a full programme of League games to put a keen edge on their big game appetites. The full schedule is as follows:

Today

KMB v. South China at Canville Hill at 4 p.m.
St. Joseph's v. RAF at Causeway Bay at 4 p.m.
Club v. Army at Sookunpo at 4 p.m.

Tomorrow

Kwong Wah v. Sing Tao at Club Stadium at 4 p.m.
Eastern v. CAA at Sookunpo at 4 p.m.
Raid Navy v. Kitchie at Causeway Bay at 4 p.m.

For the second successive week KMB and South China will occupy the limelight and there is certain to be another capably crowd to see their meeting at Canville Hill this afternoon.

After the success of South China last week it would be indeed risky to suggest that they will not repeat the dose this time... but that fighting comeback by the Burmen indicates that they are capable of piercing the South China defence and the result this time may be very different from the last one but much depends on Lau Tim.

St. Joseph's should continue their current successful run by getting the better of RAF at Causeway Bay... while over at Sookunpo the Army will be doing their best to take revenge for the surprise, but nevertheless decisive, defeat they received from the Club on the same ground earlier in the season.

Tomorrow Kitchie should have little difficulty in disposing of Navy; Eastern should also be on the winning side when they take on the 'Wah-Sing' Tiao tussle may be in the balance right to the end... with Sing Tao, minus Honnibell, having to bow to their opponents.

There is also a special attraction as the Club Ground next Tuesday evening when the All-Hongkong side which has been selected to play against Grasshoppers will meet the Hongkong Selection. This game is intended to give the players an opportunity to play together before the big games. Let us hope there are no injuries and that everything goes according to plan.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SPORT



Catch-as-catch-can wrestling is apparently an uncomfortable sport, judging by this picture taken at Madison Square Garden during a match between Antonio Roca of Argentina and Don Leo Jonathon of Salt Lake City. Jonathon here is being strangled by the powerful legs of his opponent.—Agence France-Presse Photo.

Let's Have Some More Melbourne Wickets

Says DENNIS HART

After the epic Third Test at Melbourne three topics occupy the talking and thinking time of England and Australian cricket-lovers. England sings praise of her great bowlers; Australia bemoans weak batting. Both speculate on the mysterious wicket.

The unexpected behaviour of that 22-yard strip of Melbourne turf led to that sensational finish, to Tyson's great bowling and to the eclipse of Australia's batting.

Funny to think that it all came about because the authorities were so intent on shielding the batsmen. "Protect the wicket," was the cry, "otherwise the ball may not come through at the right height for batsmen to show off strokes and make big scores."

The wicket was duly protected. Huge covers were placed over it. They were only taken off for the half dozen playing hours a day.

WHAT HAPPENED

What happened? The sun, beating down on the covers, caused a furnace-like heat underneath.

This cracked the wicket, causing the ball to lift and shoot, and then, to complete the irony, sucked up moisture to give it pace.

Poor batsmen. No runs on a plate. They had to be fought for. Given encouragement, the bowlers fought too. They won and finished in a blaze of glory with Typhoon Tyson completely shattering Australia's second innings.

What will the authorities do now to shelter batsmen? Without doping wickets there's little action they can take. Personally I hope they do nothing.

For this Melbourne struggle really was a Test match, a test of supremacy between bat and ball under conditions fair to both. It produced four and a bit days of real cricket, the stuff to attract and thrill spectators, 300,000 of them.

The wicket provided the answer to the bone of cricketers' lives—the match that, from the first day, can only end in a draw and a run glut. No need

to fix a timeless Test on the Melbourne pitch.

Did the wicket go too far in favouring the bowlers? I think not. Colin Cowdrey, the youngest player in the match, scored a century on it. Peter May, the second youngest, made 91. Clearly then runs were there for batsmen with ability. And they alone deserve them.

NOT CHEAP

Were wickets too cheaply gained? Again I think not. Ask Ray Lindwall. In the second innings he bowled 18 overs, conceded 52 runs and didn't take a wicket. The pitch then was a little easier. But in the first innings he took only one wicket for 59 runs, and he didn't bowl one maiden.

No, the pitch was fair. England won because she had two great bowlers, Tyson and Statham. We mustn't forget Statham's part. He took five first innings wickets and two in the second. Commented Australian skipper Ian Johnston on the second innings, "If justice had been done Statham and Tyson would have had an equal share of wickets. They were equally magnificent."

England also had batsmen who showed more fight. It has long been said that England's batsmen aren't enterprising enough; that they make difficulties for themselves through over-caution. This may be true. But it is possible to go too far, the other way. The Australians weren't prepared to get stuck in, which resulted in their second innings rout.

We were reminded of the West Indies battling in Australia three years ago.

DESMOND HACKETT'S COLUMN

Never Say Die — That's The British Spirit

There is scarcely elbow room among the sporting citizens who wish to raise the toasting glass to Frank Tyson, the "Test we could not win," and the fighting spirit of old England.

Admirable! Splendid thing! We should applaud more. But you would think from the way these chaps are carrying on that this battling business was something entirely new.

All I can say is that you characters with long, rejoicing thirsts have extremely short memories.

What about that Lord's day in June last year when one and all were reaching for crape and up sprang Trevor Bailey and Wilko Watson to save vital Test match with a Waterloo brand of defiance.

Recharge those glasses and drink to Roger Bannister and the fighting spirit that beat the first four-minute mile.

SLEEVES UP, STUFF

This spirit of England's cricketing cavaliers is no rarity. Remember those sleeves-up soccer scraps by Wolverhampton that licked Russia's Spartak and then ran Hungary's Honved supermen into breathless defeat after they had been two goals ahead.

Spread this English spirit to Britain and cheer Scotland for giving Hungary the fright of their footballing lives. Maybe they lost, but it was a famous failure.

We are on the up, up, and up in this sporting world. What a grand example from that juvenile jockey Lester Piggott, who, as an 18-year-old, won the Derby on a horse that sets the spirit for this gallant calendar of British sport. Never Say Die.

This symbol of England revival was blazoned across the running vest of Chris Chataway when, in four glorious paces, he flung himself in front of European Champion

Vladimir Kuts to light up London's White City with another great moment for England.

SALUTE PEACOCK

There was cyclist Cyril Peacock, head down, eyes closed, teeth gritted, to win the world sprint championships... Gordon Pirie laughing off a doctor's instruction to stay out of running and going jauntily off to Brussels and to win what can be rated the world cross-country title against the Iron Curtain automotons... We captured confidently off to Basle and with an extremely scratch team won the European Three-Day Horse Trials Championship from the highly drilled, heavily subsidised Continentals.

Maybe we have been a little backward after that sports-halting affair of the war, but by Frank Tyson we are back in business with the old slogan—Never Say Die.

The Tyson touch does not surprise me. After all, he's a laddie from Lancashire and, when it comes to putting some grudge into sport, you won't find bonnier scrappers anywhere.

The least! The Test, Tyson; and Uncle Len Hutton and all

—London Express Service.

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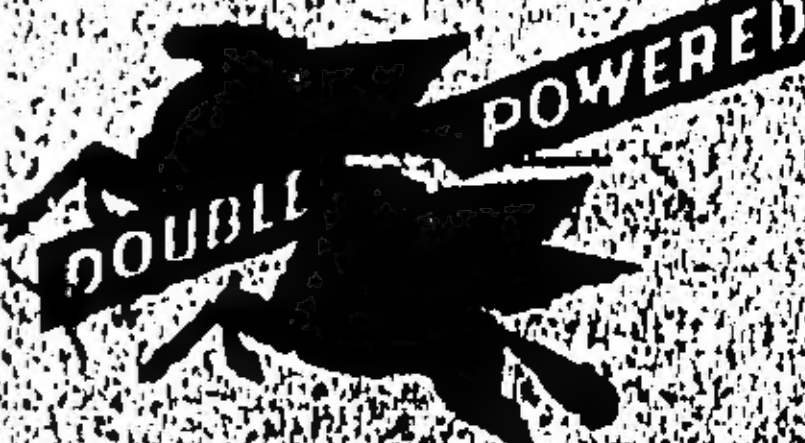
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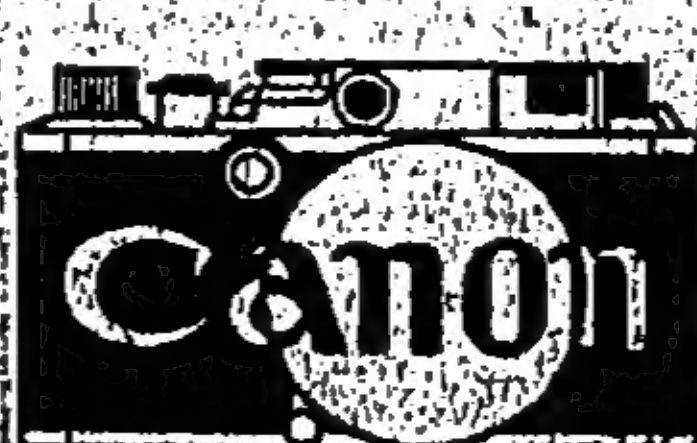
THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



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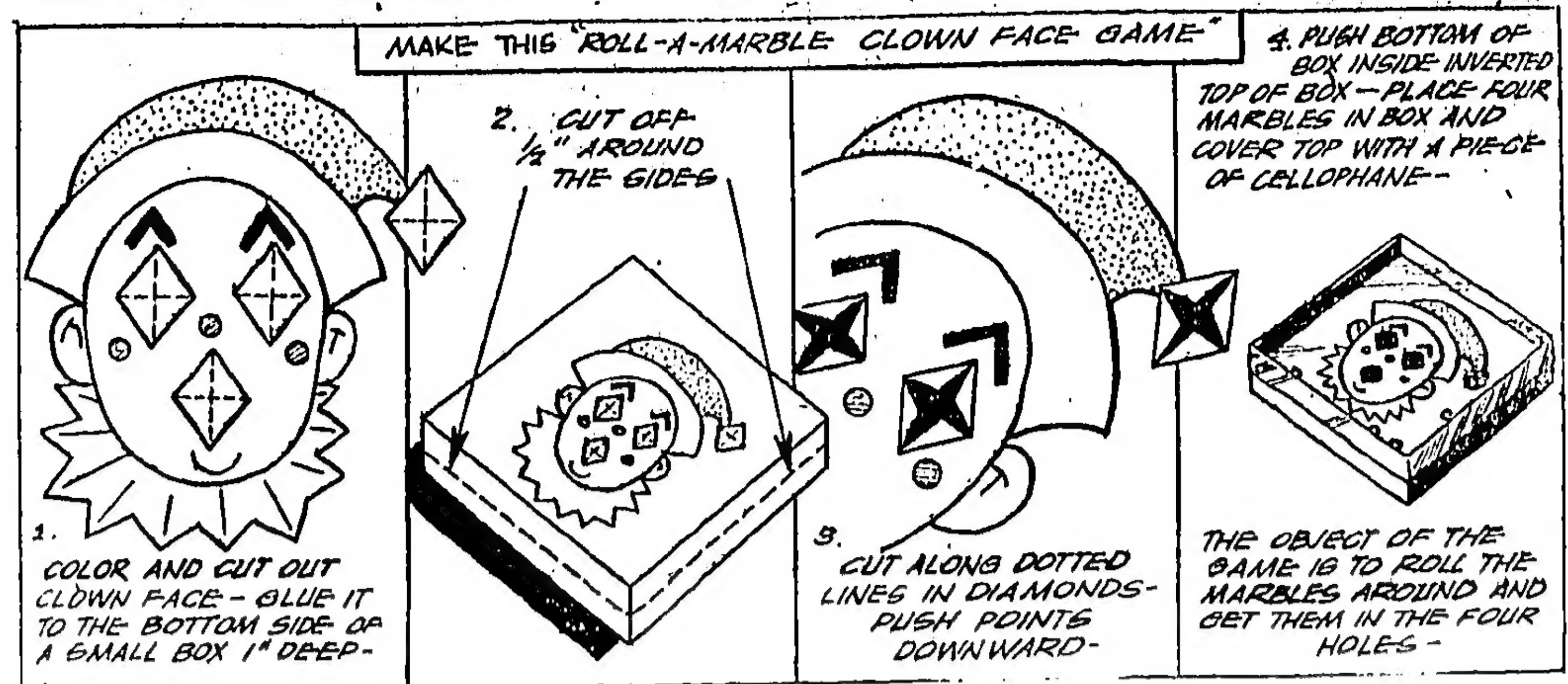
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

ENJOY THIS MAKE-AND-PLAY GAME



The Egyptian "Sunbeam" In New York

ONE of the sights of New York City is the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park—just in the rear of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

There are five of these obelisks in the world. Cleopatra had nothing to do with these ancient structures. They were quarried, transported and placed in their original positions long before the Queen of Egypt knew Julius Caesar. In fact, they were more accurately called "Pharaoh's Needles."

The great structure in America is supposed to represent a stone sunbeam. And the obelisk in London is also a towering sunbeam.

These obelisks stood for centuries in Egypt. They were moved by Augustus Caesar about 13 B. C. and erected at the ancient city of Alexandria. An earthquake brought one down in 1301 A. D., and there it lay until the British paid for its transportation to London.

The one presented to the United States by Egypt in 1882 is thought to be 3,600 years old. This obelisk is so hard that modern stone-cutters cannot cut it with cutting instruments. One side is worn smooth from wind and rain and sand.

Its height is 69 1/2 feet. It weighs 48,000 tons. The cost of transportation was over a hundred thousand U.S. dollars.

How do you think this great "needle" was brought there? A cylindrical ship, like a huge cigar pointed at one end, was



The obelisk in Central Park is one of the wonders of the world.

built at an American iron works.

Several times the ship carrying the obelisk nearly sank. Finally it was towed across the Atlantic by another ship. It was an engineering triumph all around.

How do you think the obelisk was taken from the ship? The ship was broken up and the stone shaft deposited horizontally on great wooden beams.

Hydraulic jacks, placed under these beams, carried the obelisk up Broadway, then to Fifth Avenue until it reached Central Park. It took days and days to do this job.

"It will topple over," people said, but the engineers saw that it did not.

It was an expensive gift, but now the Americans have one of the ancient "sunbeams" in stone from Hippopolis. It is one of the "wonders" of the world.

Symbol Of New Hope

THE bronze man on help development and modernisation schemes. Better roads will speed the peasants' crops to market and give them bigger and quicker profits which they will be encouraged to put into new houses and broader acres.

He is a peasant. His ancestors have been there since time began and with a similar hope-like implement to the one he carries, they grew corn for the Pharaohs on the fertile soil of the Nile Valley.

Now new hope comes for this peasant and millions of others like him in Egypt. America has granted his country 40 million dollars to

Though rulers come and go, the peasant must go on. If Egypt is to keep pace with the developments of this age, he is the backbone of the country—her producer of food.

The stamp is tinted sky-blue, printed in photogravure and perforated 13 by 13 1/2. It costs 3d. in London.—J.A.A.

General Tin's Flight

— He Soared Through the Air On Borrowed Wings —

By MAX TRELL

"GENERAL TIN," said Knarl, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, "have you ever flown from one place to the other?"

"He means in an aeroplane," said Hanid.

Imitating A Plane

"Yes, in an aeroplane," said Knarl. "One that makes a noise like this... zoom." As he said this, Knarl went spurring around the room, with his arms spread out like the wings of a plane.

General Tin smiled at the two shadow-children.

"My dears," he said, "anybody can fly from place to place in a plane. But I've done better than that. I've flown from place to place with wings."

Knarl and Hanid gasped with astonishment.

"With real wings," added General Tin.

At this, both Knarl and Hanid went up to General Tin and looked under his shoulders. "What are you looking for?" asked the General. "Your wings," said Hanid. "Dear me, you don't understand," said General Tin. "I didn't say I flew with my own wings. They were borrowed wings."

Ready for A Nap

Knarl and Hanid were now so interested that they demanded that General Tin tell them the whole story of how he flew with borrowed wings. "Very well, I will," said the General.

And he began as follows: "It all happened one sunny afternoon, many many years ago. I was quite small then. I remember exactly what happened. I had gone down to the edge of the pond. I felt very tired. I lay down under a shady tree. I had just closed my eyes when suddenly I heard two geese coming along. They were on their way to take a swim in the pond."

"Well," continued General Tin, "they passed near the tree under which I was starting to doze, and I heard one of the geese, saying to the other, 'I find it a nuisance to carry my wings with me when I go for a swim. I'm going to leave them right here. Otherwise, they're sure to get wet.'"

"That's a very good idea," said the second goose. "I'll leave mine here too. We can pick them up again when we come back."



The geese decided to take off their wings.

"So," continued General Tin, "both those geese took off their wings—they were on little snappers—and set them down very neatly on the other side of the tree. Then they waddled off into the pond for their swim."

"Didn't they notice you?" asked Hanid.

"No, my dear, they didn't. The instant they were gone, I got up and looked at the wings. They were beautiful, all lovely white feathers and very light and strong. Now why shouldn't I borrow a pair of these wings?" I said to myself. "I'm sure neither of the two geese will mind. I'll just have a little flight around. I can be back before they finish their swim."

"So I snatched them on to the back of my coat, right over my shoulders and arms and off I flew."

"How could you fly so easily?" asked Knarl.

Glorious Sensation

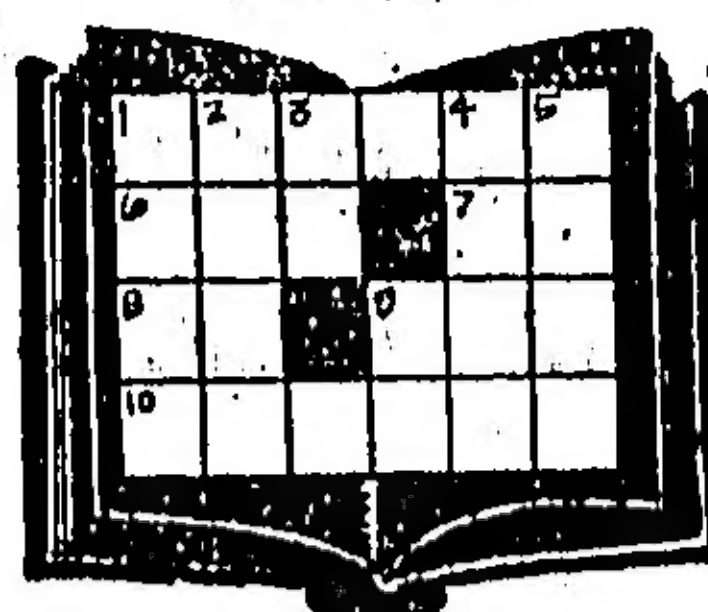
"Oh, I should have explained," said General Tin. "I waved my arms up and down. That made the wings go up and down. It was just like swimming. I swam through the air. It was a glorious feeling. From high above the tree tops I could see the two geese looking up at me, wondering if I were a goose too. But of course I wasn't. I was round and round until finally I saw the two geese and dove out of the pond. Then I quickly flew back to the tree, unsnapped the wings and put them back where I found them. The two geese never knew that I had borrowed them. They thought I had been doing all the time."

"Maybe you had," said Hanid.

But General Tin didn't answer that.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



TRIANGLE

Here's a triangle based on SEDANS. The second word is "a musical note"; third "a food fish"; fourth "state of insensibility"; and fifth "a native of Rome." Finish the triangle from these clues:

S
E
D
A
N
S

(Solutions on Page 20)

ACROSS

- 1 Kinds of books
- 2 Amount (ab.)
- 3 —will broaden your mind to read good books
- 4 Mother
- 5 "Little—" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
- 6 Expunger

DOWN

- 1 "Moby Dick" was the—of a whale
- 2 "The Rubaiyat of—Khayyam"
- 3 Vermont (ab.)
- 4 Biographies have—characters
- 5 Heavenly body
- 6 East Side (ab.)

WORD SQUARE

When you rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word and then, rearrange the rows correctly, you will be able to read the square across the same as down:

A	E	I	N	S
A	E	P	R	S
E	O	P	S	T
A	E	C	P	R
A	I	N	P	T

HOMONYM

Missing words in this sentence sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you complete it?

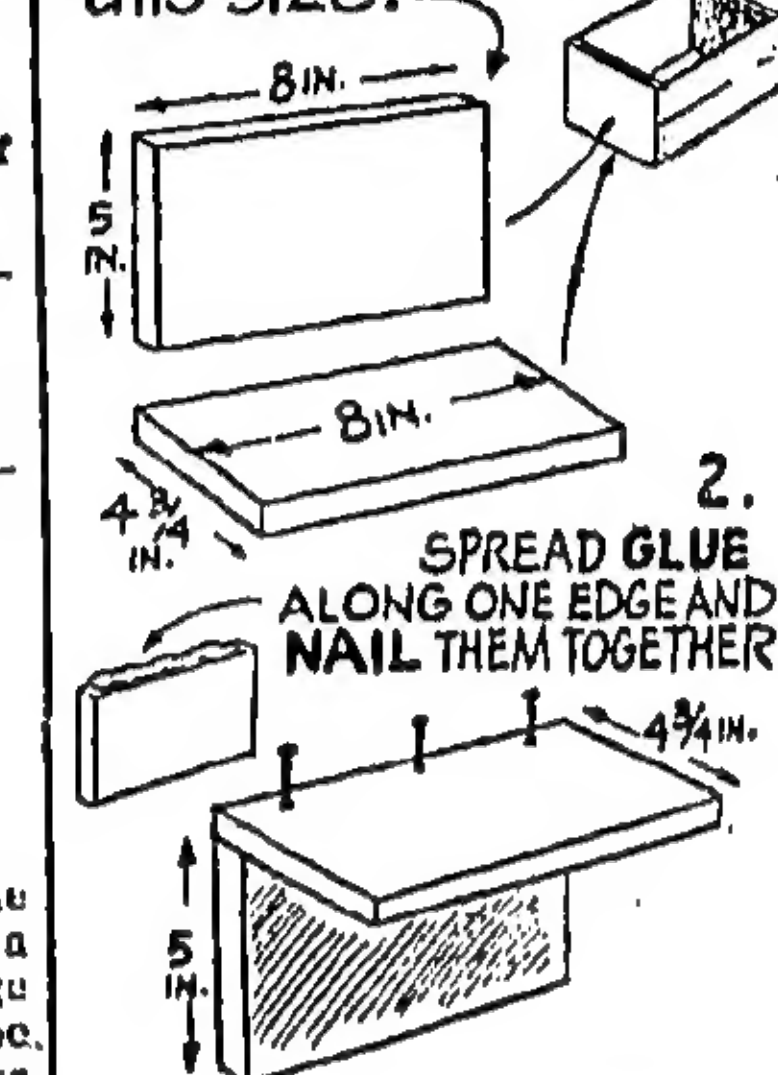
The exertion of carrying the filled—made her become—

WORD CHAIN

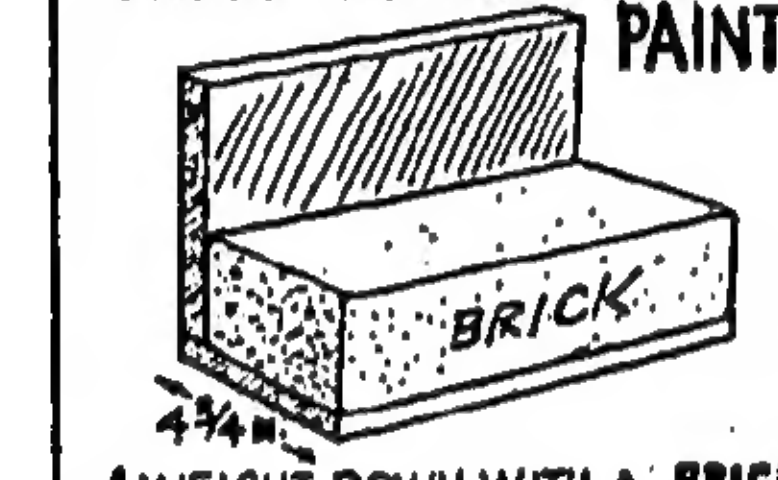
Change WARM to COLD in five moves by changing only one letter at a time and having a good word on each change.

FLOWER BOOK ENDS

1. Cut 2 pieces from the end of an APPLE BOX, this size.



2. SPREAD GLUE ALONG ONE EDGE AND NAIL THEM TOGETHER.



3. Stain the boards with GREEN WATERCOLOR PAINT.



4. WEIGHT DOWN WITH A BRICK... DECORATE A CLEAN FISH CAN WITH OIL PAINT... FILL IT WITH DIRT AND GROW A SMALL HOUSE PLANT IN IT!

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(Accepting cargo for transshipment Kobe/Fusan and Kobe/Okinawa)

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Fun With Words

HERE are two games with words for your entertainment.

Following are some tricky big words. See if you know their meanings.

1. Millennium means (a) the end of the world, (b) 1,000 years, (c) being able to walk a mile, or (d) acquiring \$1,000,000.

2. A psychologist is one who is (a) a student of the mind, (b) a tiresome speaker, (c) a doctor who works with children or (d) a student of history.

3. A podiatrist is (a) a schoolteacher, (b) a good walker, (c) a foot doctor, or (d) a doctor who works with children.

4. A canteen is (a) a covering for a boat, (b) a dance, (c) a place where soldiers buy supplies, or (d) part of a long poem.

5. Rancour means (a) ill will, (b) by chance, (c) of high degree, or (d) heavy.

6. A peccadillo is (a) a musical instrument, (b) a pickle, (c) a

bull fighter, or (d) a minor error.

7. A scallion is (a) a rascal, (b) a kind of onion, (c) a kitchen boy, or (d) something very hot.

8. A squint is (a) a fish, (b) a very large tree, (c) a dress or name, or (d) a story continuing an earlier one.

9. Dilemma means (a) a flattery, (b) a garden flower, (c) a progress in arithmetic, or (d) a choice between two ways of behaving.

10. A cynic is (a) something girls wear in their hair, (b) a young ewe, (c) a sarcastic remark, or (d) signing your name.

BEFORE AND AFTER

1. — go — To translate
2. — liv — To pep up
3. — ma — A vegetable
4. — — A parent
5. — epsa — A souvenir
6. — ur — Place of worship
7. — gib — Easy to read
8. — rml — An insect

(Answers on Page 20)

Rupert and the Magic Ball—21



"Bill takes a heavy kick at the magic ball. Next instant he is hopping like a frog and howling loud. 'Who on earth is the master?' calls Rupert, hurrying to him. 'Did you kick it?' 'Did you kick the ground?' 'Of course I didn't. My toe!'

Of course I didn't. My toe!

